

## I Should Be Over All The Butterflies

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## I Should Be Over All The Butterflies

by [troddenn\\_snoww](#)

### Summary

Quackity broke up with his toxic ex boyfriend and is now at a loss for what to do with himself, so when George invites him to watch his new band practice in someone's garage, he decides there's literally nothing better he could do with his time and agrees. It couldn't possibly have a huge effect on his life from there on out, right? Right?

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tldr, there simply aren't enough karlnapity band au's so i'm trying to help fill that niche while barely knowing jack shit about instruments

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title from Still Into You by Paramore

# A Buck Or Two

## Chapter Notes

literally all the songs i'm gonna use in this already exist because i'm u n o r i g i n a l  
but i'm gonna make a playlist of them all at some point  
also quick reminder that these aren't the cc's, just their dsmp characters! i'm not that  
fond of rpf lol, anyway, enjoy :]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"And- and I dunno man, I just feel fucking lost now, like I don't know what to do with myself anymore." Quackity finished off his rant with a dry laugh, grabbing his coffee and raising it to his lips with a shaky hand. A few people passing by their booth in the cafe gave them weird looks for the volume, but Quackity couldn't care less, and George was far too entranced by the contents of his plate to even notice. After a beat of silence between the two, George cleared his throat.

"Well think about it this way," George glanced up at Quackity over the bridge of his sunglasses, before twirling his fork and stabbing it into a lone piece of cake, "he was an alcoholic and a smoker," as Quackity was about to object and point out that Schlatt was planning on quitting smoking, George pointed the fork he was holding, still with a chunk of cake attached, quite threateningly at Quackity, effectively cutting off his thought. "The guy was a walking red flag, besides," George finally placed the piece of cake he was waving around into his mouth, proceeding to chew it for an excruciating amount of time as Quackity rubbed his temples to steer away an oncoming headache, "when was the last time you guys had some alone time in the bedroom? Or even kissed?"

Quackity had to genuinely think about the question as George finished the last of his coffee and moved his plate aside to cross his arms on the table, leaning forward and patiently awaiting an answer. When Quackity failed to provide one, George inhaled sharply and sat back in his seat, before pulling out his phone. "Remember how I told you me and a few friends started a band?"

Quackity racked his brain to pull out the names 'Dream' and 'Sapnap' from a conversation they had the week prior. As Quackity stirred the remainder of his coffee with one hand, the other planted on the table and supporting his chin, he nodded. "Yeah? What about it?"

"I was just wondering if you'd want to come watch us practice tonight, y'know, to clear your head and stuff." Quackity gazed into the swirling liquid in his cup, before picking it up and downing the contents in one gulp. He glanced out the window at the yellow and pink clouds of the late afternoon sky as they began to blend in with the similarly coloured horizon, before turning back and shrugging at George.

"Not like i have anything better to do. Sure."

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Dream's garage smelled distinctly of axe body spray and petrol, but in his current emotional state,

Quackity wasn't one to complain. As George led him into the surprisingly spacious room, he smiled and nodded at the two people sitting on the floor, and Quackity managed a small wave. The blonde one waved back, but the other seemed too focused on polishing an already gleaming black and red electric guitar.

"Hey guys, this is Quackity, Quackity this is Dream," George motioned towards the blonde guy, who was now standing up, "and this is Sappnap." He pointed at the brunette clutching onto his guitar, who finally looked up, shooting a grin at Quackity.

"Sup."

"So what do you wanna start with?" Dream, who was now sat at an impressive green and white drum set, gazed up at George.

"Well someone's eager." George playfully pushed Dream's shoulder before walking over to an equally neat looking blue and white guitar. "I was thinking Bus Money? Doesn't really matter though. Up to you"

"They usually bicker for a solid twenty minutes before we actually start, here, get comfortable." Quackity's attention was ripped from the two bantering figures to Sappnap, who pushed a chair closer to Quackity with his foot as he lifted the checkered strap of his guitar over his head. He proceeded to stand up and saunter back to plug in the amp, winking at Quackity as he did so, who snorted as he felt a familiar warmth creep onto his cheeks.

"We're The Dream Team- probably, I think, we don't actually have an official name yet- and this is Bus Money!" Sappnap's giggly voice interrupted the other two, who fell silent as he began plucking out a tune on his guitar. Not long after, Dream started on the drums as George walked up to the mic and cleared his throat.

*"I spent my bus money on a six pack, now I'm stuck in the Junga with no way back. I spent my bus money on a Golden Oak, now I've got no clue how I'm gonna get home."* They sounded surprisingly decent, especially considering the fact that Quackity expected them to sound like absolute garbage. They were skilled with their instruments, to say the least.

*"I spent my bus money on a sausage roll, I'd have more money if I wasn't on the dole. I spent my bus money on a five buck scratchy, then I walked home, broke and unhappy."* He'd never heard George sing before, at least not in recent memory. He was... okay. Perfectly average. His voice didn't take away from the music but it also really didn't add anything, in Quackity's opinion.

*"I spent my bus money on a long neck, now I can't afford to pay the rent. I spent my bus money on shitty pills, now I can't afford to pay my bills!"* They were good, but it still felt like there was something... missing.

*"Hey mate, have you got a spare buck? This prick of a driver won't let me on the bus, it's getting late and I wanna go home."* The instruments had died down, and George was talking now. They're clearly having fun, at least.

*"I lost my wallet and and I smashed my phone, I feel bad asking, I really do, but all I need is a buck or two!"* The three of them were grinning like dumbasses, and Quackity couldn't help but smile too. Maybe he was having fun as well.

*"All I need is a buck or two! All I need is a buck or two! Oh yes I do!"* George was good at shouting, Quackity would give him that. All of them were insanely passionate too; Dream seemed to be having the time of his life beating the shit out of his drums.

*"All I need is a buck or two, oh yes I do."*

Quackity couldn't help but giggle as he started clapping. The four of them were still grinning like morons, and Sapnap's eyes seemed to sparkle as he piped up, "So what did you think?"

"It was good! It was really good, guys." Quackity crossed his arms as he stood up, still smiling. He noticed George staring at the floor with his brows furrowed, and was about to ask before he spoke up himself.

"I honestly don't know if I want to do all the vocals." The giggly, warm atmosphere seemed to be diminished as everyone looked over to him. George lifted his gaze from the floor to look between the other band members.

"Well I can't sing for shit so don't look at me." Sapnap shrugged as he glanced down, plucking a few random chords on his guitar.

"I'm busy with the drums, I don't think I can sing too." Dream gave George an apologetic look as he spoke. Quackity understood that this conversation would probably end really awkwardly otherwise, so he managed to build up enough courage to blurt out,

"I'm pretty good at singing."

## Chapter End Notes

sorry if this was shit, i literally wrote the entire thing while pulling an accidental all nighter lol, i promise it'll get better as it goes on!  
the song used in this chapter was Bus Money by The Chats, very good band, check em out :]  
kudos and comments are very appreciated btw!

# A Typical Story

## Chapter Notes

hey bitches i'm back and i have brainrot, like you do not understand this fic is basically all i've been thinking about for the last week lmao  
i may have pulled another all nighter for this one, but y'all get some dumbasses in return so i don't see the issue /lh

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

As Quackity lifted his leg onto the windowsill he gave one last glance around his room, making sure everything was in order. The pillow he shoved under his covers was a surprisingly convincing body double, and no one would notice that his bag and shoes were missing from beneath his bed. He breathed in, and hopped out of his window.

If not for his bedroom being on the ground floor he really wouldn't be able to sneak out as often as he did, and it was especially useful now as he began to creep away in the direction of Dream's house.

Just as Quackity closed the window, his phone lit up with a message from George.

i mean yeah it is a brainstorm sesh just with less brainstorm and more sesh  
*read 01:52*

if you catch my drift  
*read 01:52*

Quackity scoffed quietly at the text before shoving his phone into his back pocket and continuing along the lamp lit street. It was peaceful, quiet, except for the crickets that beckoned the approach of the summer months. As he inhaled deeply, Quackity could smell the oncoming promise of rain, and quickened his pace.

The last time he visited Dream's house was almost a week ago, but Quackity couldn't possibly forget where it was. After the little performance in the garage, he was very quickly added to a groupchat titled "Feral Boys", and sent piles upon piles of ideas, notes, lyrics, and eventually a date for a gig. As the fateful day slowly approached, they also decided on days to meet up and brainstorm, such as this one.

Quackity's thoughts were interrupted by the sound of a skateboard, and he looked up to see someone slowly approaching on the other side of the street. He could make out shaggy brown hair, and the multicoloured hoodie he wore was hard to miss, even in the darkness. As he came closer, Quackity noticed the confusion plastering his pretty features, which was understandable considering they were basically the only two people awake let alone outside at the ungodly hour.

The stranger gave him a nod, and accompanied it with a soft "Hey." His voice was just as pretty as his face, and Quackity blamed his recent single status for the blood that rushed to his cheeks.

Quackity managed to blurt out a "Hi" as they passed each other, and he couldn't help but glance back even after that. At least he was developing a crush on a random skater kid rather than any of his bandmates. That would make things awkward.

Quackity looked back to the road ahead of him, and Dream's house finally came into view. He's lucky that it's not too far away; whenever he wanted to visit George he almost always took the bus. He hoped it wouldn't be the same with Sapnap.

As Quackity turned onto the driveway, he watched the light in the hallway turn on, and the front door open. Sapnap was leaning against the doorframe holding a can of coke, and he smirked at Quackity as he approached.

"You're late, Quack," Sapnap teased, "you're lucky the pizza's still warm." He gave Quackity a pat on the shoulder, who chuckled as he closed the door behind him.

"Don't call me 'Quack' ever again and maybe I'll get here on time," Quackity joked, lightly elbowing Sapnap as they walked through the hall.

"Aww, you don't like pet names? That's a shame."

The atmosphere was already light and jovial as the two entered Dream's living room. The lamp in the corner cast a soft orange glow across the room, and about half of a large pepperoni pizza remained laid out on the coffee table. The smell of it immediately hit Quackity; as did the stench of weed. He must have made a face as Dream made a dismissive gesture with his free hand from where he was sat on the floor.

"Don't worry, my parents won't be back for a while." His other arm was thrown over George's shoulders, who had his legs sprawled over Dream's in return. Both of them clutched notebooks, and George seemed too busy scribbling something in his to look up, but nodded in acknowledgement.

"Hold on babe, I'll get you a drink," Sapnap giggled, and firmly patted Quackity on the back before sauntering off to the kitchen. Quackity grinned, shaking his head as he walked to the couch.

George finally raised his head, almost bumping Dream's chin as he did so, and Quackity could see the gears whirring behind his dark eyes.

"Holy shit I thought Sapnap was straight." Dream wheezed at the remark, almost falling backwards before George grabbed his arm to keep him upright.

"He probably is, he just suddenly thinks I hate pet names," Quackity huffed as he sat down on the couch, and almost immediately reached for a slice of pizza. Just as Sapnap said. Still warm.

"Oh, so you don't?" George mused, years of friendship and personal experience lacing his voice. Quackity couldn't help but shoot him a playful glare.

"Fuck off," Quackity grumbled through a mouthful of pizza. As he devoured the cheesy goodness he opened his bag, and pulled out a notebook of his own. He flipped through a couple pages, munching through the crust. Over the last few days he had written down everything from full lyrics he came up with to vague ideas he thought could be cool, and compiled it all in these pages. He was about to speak up before the door opened, and Sapnap waltzed in with several more cans of coke than he had promised.

"Did you miss me?" Sapnap crooned as he carefully set the drinks down on the coffee table, and handed one to Quackity.

Quackity feigned distress, clutching at his heart and falling backwards against the surprisingly soft couch cushions. "Oh of course I did, don't ever leave me alone like that again."

The two giggled as Sapnap sauntered over to the other side of the room, sitting down next to Dream and George, who seemed too busy calling each other idiots to involve the rest of the group in their conversation.

"Anyway, here, how's this?" Sapnap had pulled his phone from his pocket and handed it to Dream, who's eyes scanned rapidly across the screen as he scrolled. Quackity assumed it was lyrics or something of the sort, and as he finished up, Dream snorted at the contents.

"'Where the bassist kills the singer', Sapnap we don't even have a bassist," Dream scoffed, handing the phone back to Sapnap, who pulled himself up onto his feet. He stretched his arms over his head dramatically, and Quackity suddenly found himself staring at the sliver of toned stomach revealed by Sapnap's hoodie rising up.

"So what? I can fantasize, dude, bassists are hot." Quackity felt obliged to nod along to Sapnap's statement. Bassists were, indeed, hot.

"Whatever," Dream giggled, grabbing a can from the table. "But I mean yeah they're good, like really good, nice work man." A pleased expression crossed Sapnap's face at the validation, and he wandered back to the couch, collapsing beside Quackity.

"Oh, did you have stuff too?" Sapnap questioned as he eyed the notebook laying beside Quackity, who nodded in response.

"You can flip through it if you want." Sapnap grinned and began leafing through the pages, eyes darting about only to pause on a paragraph every now and then. As he watched, Quackity began to reach for another slice of pizza, and Sapnap absentmindedly did the same. Dream and George were clearly too occupied with their bickering to notice that, by accident, their hands had brushed against each other over the greasy cardboard. Quackity and Sapnap suppressed goofy smiles as they glanced at each other, before grabbing hold of their slices and moving on.

"There's some pretty good stuff in here, damn," Sapnap mumbled as he seemed to become stuck on a particular page of lyrics. Quackity shrugged as he felt his ears grow warm.

"Yeah I went through a pretty rocky break up recently," Quackity scratched the back of his neck as he prepared to give the same spiel he'd produced about three times now, "George helped me realise my ex was just an overall shitty person and ever since then I've been scribbling this kind of stuff down to keep my mind occupied, you know?" For once, Quackity was glad that George and Dream were too preoccupied with each other to hear his edgy rant; he didn't want to ruin the entire mood of the room. That was, until Sapnap suddenly became serious.

"Listen," he turned towards Quackity; barely inches of movement, but noticeable, "I'm sorry, but if you're only joining the band to get your mind off your ex, you really shouldn't." There was a beat of silence as Quackity realised the implications of the situation. He was practically intruding on this friendship circle to stave off his own loneliness, but, he liked them. They were fun. The few times he got to hang out with them felt... Nice. Not boring or like a chore; not like a lot of social interaction.

"Because, in the end, you'll get over them, get bored, and leave. And there just won't be any point."

Ouch.

Okay, maybe Quackity did join to get his mind off of his ex.

But maybe he stayed because he was struggling to get his mind off of someone else.

## Chapter End Notes

skater Karl pog?? also literally the only reason i'm putting so much dnf in this is for a very good friend of mine. ik you read these eventually bestie. dw i gotchu babe /lh  
anyway comments and kudos are always incredibly appreciated!



# You're Killing Me

## Chapter Notes

i just wanted to say thanks for all the support on this y'all! it really means so much to me :D

also just another reminder that i don't ship the cc's, just their characters!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Quackity yawned as he turned his head to glance out of Dream's living room window. It was gradually getting brighter outside, and the pizza box layed cold and empty on the coffee table, with assorted cans scattered around it. Everyone in the room was half asleep by now, but they had made good progress over the night. Quackity stretched his arms over his head as he watched George pull out his phone to check the time.

"6:13," he groaned, "guys I still have class." George buried his face in Dream's shoulder as he spoke. The two were practically inseparable all night, but Quackity didn't want to pry, especially as Sapnap never drew attention towards it either. It was just strange to him, especially with how adamant George was about claiming to be single.

"So do I," Quackity giggled, letting his head fall back against the couch. "I'm fucking dead." The idea of having to listen to lectures for hours after spending all night goofing off with his... friends? Acquaintances? Bandmates? Either way, it made Quackity want to curl up into a ball and groan until the sun set again.

"You know what? Fuck it." Quackity looked over to see Sapnap making himself comfortable next to him on the couch. "I basically live in Dream's house anyway so I might as well sleep here. Goodnight y'all." The curt statement made the other three burst out laughing, and as Sapnap's head settled on the armrest, Quackity could tell he was out cold.

"Yeah I should probably head home and at least take a nap," George grumbled as he stood up and began collecting his belongings. Dream nodded and handed him his bag before the two walked out of the living room, leaving Quackity alone, staring at Sapnap's sleeping form. His dark hair fell over his eyes, and his mouth was open just the tiniest amount. Quackity couldn't deny that Sapnap had great facial structure, and his hair looked so very soft as it fell over the armrest of the couch.

Now Quackity wouldn't usually describe himself as nosy, but sitting there, far too conscious of where Sapnap's foot pressed against his thigh while the other two whispered at each other in the hall wasn't particularly entertaining. Besides, if he didn't take his eyes off of Sapnap's face right then and there he might have combusted. Quackity decided that was something to think about for another day. Feelings are messy and annoying and he was simply too tired.

As Quackity stood up and walked over to the door, he leaned against the doorframe, trying to make out what Dream and George were saying.

"...okay, okay, just make sure you get enough sleep then." The smile was audible in Dream's voice as George backed away from the front door.

"Will do."

"And text me when you get home! Stay safe, I love you."

Oh.

"I love you too, idiot," George giggled as he walked away, Dream closing the door after him. As Dream began walking back towards the living room, Quackity stepped out and shot him a confused smile.

"What was that about?" Dream stopped in his tracks, a striking shade of pink beginning to creep over his cheeks. "Don't worry, I won't tell anyone if you don't want me to." Dream's mouth formed around words but no sound came out, and his eyes shot around the hall as he crossed his arms.

"Well uh, I uh," Dream shrugged as he began speaking. "I mean we're not official or anything, but yeah we've been kinda flirting, for a bit." Dream suddenly seemed very interested in his socks. "I was actually thinking of uh.. I was thinking about um, asking him out?" Quackity hadn't seen Dream even nearly this flustered in the week he's known him, and the last remark had him suppressing an 'aww'.

"You totally should dude! I think you two would be great together. Besides, it would mean he'd stop complaining to me about how single he is all the time." The two of them laughed, and Quackity briefly stepped into the living room to grab his backpack, sparing a final glance towards Sapnap. "I think I should probably start heading out too."

"Yeah, alright." Dream led Quackity towards the door, still avoiding eye contact.

"Thanks, by the way." Quackity gave him a confused look as Dream's hand hovered over the doorhandle. "For the encouragement, I mean." A cheesy grin spread over Quackity's face as he shrugged.

"No problem dude, I'm always here if you need a wingman." Quackity winked at Dream, who only seemed to turn a more pronounced shade of pink.

"You and Sapnap really hit it off, by the way." Quackity's heart skipped a beat as Dream spoke, beginning to open the front door. "Seriously, you guys get along like a house on fire." It was now Quackity's turn to feel his cheeks warm up, which Dream seemed to have noticed.

"You know," Dream smirked as he leaned against the now open door, "I'm here if you need a wingman too, I've known Sapnap way longer than anyone." Quackity stared at the slowly brightening horizon, before glancing back to Dream, who raised his eyebrows as he waited for a response.

"I, I'll think about it," Quackity shrugged as he walked out, rubbing his eyes. "Thanks." Dream gave him a knowing look, but Quackity didn't want to think about any of that just yet. "And good luck with George, by the way"

The two smiled at each other as Dream closed the door, and Quackity began his journey home. It was now just him and his thoughts, and he simply wasn't ready for it.

Honestly, the whole night was kind of weird; Quackity found himself constantly trying to make Sapnap laugh, which almost always made his heart skip a beat. They kept looking at each other too, but Quackity had just assumed it was because neither of them wanted to look at whatever Dream and George were doing. Anytime Sapnap complimented his ideas or his lyrics, butterflies erupted in Quackity's stomach, and when he did the same, he could never take his eyes off of Sapnap's stupid grin.

Besides, Quackity had assumed that Sapnap was straight because of- well, because of everything about him. But now, after what Dream said, he just didn't know anymore.

As Quackity looked up, a dash of colour caught his eye. A skateboard, propped up beside a door, perfectly illuminated by the early morning light. It was coloured strikingly similarly to the hoodie the stranger from earlier wore. The stranger lived surprisingly close, then.

As Quackity returned his gaze to the road, another thought crossed his mind. This was the first time in... a long while, anyway, that he had actually felt comfortable hanging out with a group of people. He hadn't felt tense or awkward at all during the night, which was especially strange considering he had only met two of them very recently. He didn't overstep, and his humour matched perfectly with theirs. At that point, he was comfortable considering them as his friends.

Quackity finally came up to his house and slowly opened his window, climbing in. He didn't even bother closing it fully before kicking off his shoes and collapsing onto his bed, otherwise fully clothed. He turned his head to stare at the time on his phone screen, and decided he might as well sleep for the last few hours before his alarm went off.

He fell asleep to the sound of birds chirping outside his window, muffled both by copious amounts of pillows and his beanie. In the short time he spent actually sleeping, he jumped between brief dreams, but all he could remember when he woke up were faint images of flames and spirals.

## Chapter End Notes

i've been hyperfocused on planning and writing this fic lately, so i'm pretty sure y'all can expect updates every few days, but if it becomes really inconsistent i apologize! as always, kudos and comments are so very appreciated :]

# Ripped to shit from walking the world for you

## Chapter Notes

Schlatt?? as the main antagonist in a Karlnapity fic?? omg who would've guessed /s  
also holy shit y'all again thank you for all the support on this thing, i've straight up  
read every single comment like fifteen times over y'all are so sweet wtf  
also almost 100 kudos?? pog??

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Quackity shielded his eyes from the glaring sun as he pulled his phone out of his back pocket, slowly approaching a small corner store. Him and his bandmates had agreed to meet up and do some last minute planning for their first gig, but it seemed that Quackity had shown up a little early. Seeing he had a few minutes to spare, he decided to lean against the neatly painted brick wall of the shop to wait for his friends, scrolling aimlessly through his phone to pass the time. It was a busy street, so Quackity had placed himself pretty visibly in front of the shop, ensuring he wouldn't be missed.

Just as he finished typing up a sudden idea into his notes app, the strong stench of cigarette smoke invaded his nostrils. Looking up, he spotted a familiar face he wished to never have to see again, or at least not this soon.

As Schlatt made his way along the sidewalk, Quackity looked back to his phone, pretending to not have seen him. He tried to somehow press closer to the wall, lowering his head, hoping he would be overlooked amongst all the people walking by.

"Well well well, look who we have here." Quackity's attempts to melt into the bricks behind him clearly failed, as Schlatt now stood directly in front of him, far too close for comfort. His scruffy face was framed by the harsh sunlight, which he almost perfectly obscured over Quackity's shorter frame. "Wasn't expecting to see you around, especially not since, well, let's just leave that behind us, shall we?" Schlatt's arm settled itself firmly on the wall next to Quackity's face, and he was so close Quackity could smell the whiskey on his breath.

"Come on, man, why can't you just leave me alone?" Quackity mumbled as he tried to turn his face to the side. His throat seemed to close up, and his stomach tied itself into knots as he stood there, wishing for nothing more than to simply disappear. He absolutely fucking hated feeling this helpless. He also hated shitty exes that clearly didn't understand boundaries.

"Hey, you know you miss me, let's just pretend nothing happened," Schlatt leaned in as a grim smirk made its way across his face, "and go back to normal, yeah?" The cigarette in his mouth bounced as he spoke, scattering ashes on both of their shoes.

"Is this guy bothering you babe?" Schlatt seemed to almost jump backwards at the intrusion, and as he did so a warm arm wrapped itself around Quackity's shoulders. Schlatt scoffed as he stepped back, and Quackity looked up to see Sapnap pressed against him, glaring daggers at the figure in front of them. The sheer relief of Schlatt being out of his face allowed Quackity to let his guard down, and he discreetly leaned into the touch. Wow, Sapnap was *really* warm. Quackity had to resist the urge to just close his eyes and bury his face in Sapnap's shirt, as the two watched recognition slowly wash over Schlatt's face.

"Oh," Schlatt started nodding, "Oh I see how it is. Moved on that quickly huh, of course you fucking did." His face morphed into a grimace that was a far cry away from anything resembling a smile as he turned his attention away from Quackity, now looking at Sapnap.

"My sincerest apologies, I wasn't aware I was," Schlatt shot a final glare towards Quackity as he spoke, "intruding on something." Sapnap gently squeezed Quackity's shoulder. "I'll be on my way then." Schlatt made a dramatic performance of turning on his heels and strolling away from the two.

Sapnap didn't let go of Quackity until they watched Schlatt disappear into the crowd, at which point he stepped back, removing his arm from it's protective position around Quackity, but keeping a gentle hand on his shoulder. His expression was a mixture of anxiety and pity, and as he was about to say something, Quackity spoke up.

"Are you just going to keep calling me 'babe' until I beg for you to stop or what?" The two released soft giggles of relief before Sapnap shrugged.

"Well I haven't heard you complain about it yet." There was a pause between them, and Quackity pondered whether or not it would be weird to pull Sapnap into a hug and thank him for absolutely saving his ass.

"So uh. I think it's safe for me to assume that's the ex you were talking about?" Quackity felt his heart sink as thoughts of Schlatt started coming back to him, and he nodded gently. "I didn't know that you were... uh..." Quackity had expected this topic to come up eventually, and he wasn't excited to get into it.

"That I'm gay? Yeah." Quackity studied Sapnap's face in attempt to gauge his reaction. Everything seemed okay; he looked as sweet and caring as ever with his dark, puppy-like eyes. If Quackity looked hard enough, he might have even spotted a glint of excitement in them.

"Hey, listen," Sapnap's head tilted to the side as he spoke, and Quackity was suddenly very aware of just how emotive those eyes were, "I promise you, I'll protect you no matter what," his eyebrows were knitted together in concern and Quackity had to stop himself from reaching up and smoothing out his worried features, "and I'll kick that guy's ass if he tries anything." Sapnap was one of his best friends at this point, and even if neither of them were straight, he was scared. Scared to ruin their budding friendship, scared of possible rejection. Scared of everything ending in flames.

As Quackity struggled to come up with an adequate way to thank Sapnap, he spotted someone else approaching them. Instead of his stomach sinking with dread, this time he felt a grin creep up his face as George walked up, nodding at the two. "Sup. Sorry I'm late, Dream's gonna be here in a bit." Sapnap turned around, dropping his hand from Quackity's shoulder, who felt his heart sink just the tiniest bit. "Should we go in and grab snacks?" George motioned towards the store and both Sapnap and Quackity excitedly voiced their agreement as they followed him in.

The cool breeze of the air conditioning was a fresh relief from the nearly stifling heat outside, though it might have just felt so stifling because of the unwanted encounter. Sapnap made a beeline for the refrigerator, and George and Quackity decided to peruse the snack aisle. As they each picked out a bag of chips, Quackity couldn't help but speak up.

"I saw Schlatt again." George gave him a sympathetic eyeroll as he turned towards him.

"Let me guess, it only proved my point that he's a piece of shit?" Quackity had to suppress a guilty grin as he nodded, eyeing a can of Pringles. "Hey, it's alright," George fished a fiver out of his pocket as he spoke, "I'm sure you'll find someone else soon enough, and then he'll just be a bad

memory."

"Oh Geo-orge," Sarnap called in a sing-song voice as he turned into their aisle, clutching a four pack of Monster. When he walked up to them he began lightly elbowing George, wiggling his eyebrows. "Did you see the cutie with the skateboard by the drinks? I think he's just your ty-type."

As George scoffed, Quackity glanced over the shelf of chips in the direction of the fridge where Sarnap had been just a moment before. George and Sarnap's banter faded into the background as Quackity spotted a familiar head of shaggy brown hair, and a hand reaching for a can of Monster.

"Hey, are you coming or what?" Quackity turned his head to see Sarnap and George walking towards the cashier. He nodded, sparing one last glance to the brunette. He didn't want to think about this familiar stranger the day before their first performance, so he didn't. He simply turned around and joined his friends, who were already bickering over the bill.

## Chapter End Notes

fuck c!Schlatt apologists, me and my homies, we hate c!Schlatt apologists /lh  
anyway, god, sorry i ended it like that, can you tell i have no clue what i'm doing?  
lmao  
also for all you skater boy Karl enjoyers i can promise you the next chapter is gonna  
be a good one ;]

# Sex Bob-Omb called, they want their vibes back

## Chapter Notes

did y'all see that the long lost vod of Karlnapity getting engaged n stuff resurfaced??  
ngl i was kinda sad watching it cos i still remember when i used to be like 'yep, there's gonna be a wedding. any day now. yep. any month now. totally.'  
also sorry this chapter took a few days longer than usual, i posted a new oneshot a lil bit ago and i would really appreciate it if even some of you checked it out :D

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The fateful day had finally arrived, and as the four were setting up Dream's garage for their first proper- albeit small- performance, they engaged in their usual banter and bickering. As per usual, George was discontent with something, and this time it was the band name.

"We could always call ourselves the Noise Complaints instead," Sapnap said with a playful lilt to his voice from where he sat cross-legged on the floor, setting up his trusty amp. Dream shrugged as he spun a drumstick around his index finger, deep in thought.

"I still think it should be Dream Team though," he spoke, placing the drumstick down in order to adjust his seat. "Like that's what we put on all the fliers."

Quackity popped his head up, trying his best not to burst into a fit of giggles as he offered, "What about the Sex Havers?" George snorted as he playfully shook his head, while Sapnap burst out laughing. Quackity felt a dash of pride at the snickers he elicited from the room, and he watched Dream stand up, before walking over to the garage door.

"Anyway, is everyone almost ready?" He scoffed, hand resting against a switch on the wall. The four of them shared the same huge grin as George gave Dream a quick nod. The garage door slowly rose with a metallic clang, and Quackity took a deep breath in, appreciating the smell of the early evening air; the sky was still a bright blue, but the horizon was beginning to leak shades of pink and purple as the day gradually came to an end.

Their first show wasn't the biggest spectacle, but that wasn't stopping them from having fun with it. They were going to perform a selection of songs in Dream's garage; the place where it all began. Anyone that saw the shitty handmade fliers and posters around town was welcome to watch, as was anyone on the street that happened to be intrigued by the flashing lights and fancy instruments.

As Dream returned to his spot behind the drums, Sapnap dashed to the corner of the room, pulling out the four pack of Monster he'd bought previously from beneath a pile of hoodies.

"Here's how we can decide the band name," Quackity could see the mischievous sparkle in Sapnap's eyes as he walked around the room, handing everyone a can. He pulled out a pocket knife from his jeans and continued speaking. "Whoever can shotgun one the fastest," he stabbed a hole near the base of his can, "Gets to choose it."

Before anyone could argue, Quackity stuck out his can towards Sapnap, nodding. "Bet."

A few people, quietly chatting between themselves, had already begun showing up, and Quackity was determined to leave at least somewhat of an impression.

Sapnap had finally finished pricking the holes in everyone's cans, and Dream took the lead in counting them down. "Three, two, one, go!" The sound of four cans being simultaneously cracked open immediately followed by aggressive, competitive gulping wasn't what Quackity was expecting of his Saturday evening, but he wasn't complaining. The sweet, carbonated liquid burned his throat, reminding him of various frantic study nights and exams. Honestly, he just thought it would be funny to call themselves the Sex Havers despite them all being dubiously single.

As Quackity threw his empty can to the ground, he watched with glee as all three of his bandmates only just completed theirs. Sapnap scrunched up his nose and stuck his tongue out at him, while Dream and George just giggled between themselves.

"Suck it!" Quackity gave his friends a lighthearted middle finger as he walked up to his mic stand. To his pleasant surprise, about two dozen people had already shown up, giddy with excitement for the show ahead.

Quackity rolled his eyes at the series of three giggly burps from behind him, and glanced to his side, where Drista was sat by the wall. Dream had kindly asked his sister to work the lights for the show, and though Quackity laughed at the idea at first, she was honestly the only option they had. She shot him a grin and a thumbs up, and Quackity nodded as he adjusted the height of his microphone for the last time.

Gazing at the small crowd that had gathered around the stupid little garage to watch their stupid little band perform, Quackity almost couldn't believe what he saw. Behind the front most row of people emerged a head of shaggy brown hair, vibrant purple hoodie impossible to miss even in the swarm of bodies. A familiar stranger.

Quackity ran a lightly trembling hand through his hair as the brunette finally made eye contact with him. He grabbed the mic, shooting a toothy grin to the pretty fucking boy who just wouldn't stop fucking looking at him, and finally announced, "We're the Sex Havers and this is You're Killing Me!"

He heard a series of snorts and snickers from his bandmates, and a smiling scoff from Dream let him know the band name was set. Quackity took a breath in, and began singing.

*"I don't wanna fucking be here anymore,"* The guitars and drums were quick to come in, and loud at that. *"I'm leaving forever, if you miss me, whatever, I don't care,"* The immediate energy had some people in the audience bobbing their heads already. *"I'm tired of your face and the way that you hate everything,"* But Quackity just couldn't take his eyes off the boy.

*"You make me want to start smoking cigarettes so I die slowly,"* Quackity clutched onto the microphone for dear life as he sang, *"Anything that's bad for me,"* Scrunching his eyes shut, he desperately tried to avoid the gaze that bore into his skull *"You're killing me, you're killing me,"* And failed. His bandmates were fucking fantastic with their instruments, though. Quackity wished he could play the drums just so he could look as nonchalant as Dream did about the fact that about thirty people were watching them perform with sharp eyes.

*"I don't wanna fucking hear it anymore,"* He finally looked at that familiar stranger again. *"I know you've got problems, we've all got problems too,"* This boy who kept showing up in random places. *"I'm sick of being your shoulders, you know I need shoulders too,"* This boy who just wouldn't stop looking at Quackity.



*"You make me want to start rolling fat ass blunts till I start choking,"* This cute fucking boy with his cute fucking hair. *"Anything that's bad for me, you're killing me, you're killing me!"* Maybe it was meant to be.

---

The last song. The last time Quackity adjusted the mic. The last time he looked back at his bandmates to make sure they were ready. The sky outside had long since turned a deep purple, and the crowd was buzzing with energy. Quackity raised his shaky hands to the microphone. *His* microphone.

"The last song of the night, fellas." He heard a few 'aww's from the crowd as he spoke. "Thank you all for staying this long- this is Typical Story!" Quackity didn't waste any time before starting to sing. He didn't want it all to be over this soon, but the caffeine high was wearing off and he found himself stifling yawns already.

*"It's a, it's a, it's a, typical story where the bassist kills the singer,"* Over time, Quackity had discovered that Sapnap's guitar didn't just look shiny and cool, but sounded it, too. *"The guitarist and the drummer find they're in love with each other,"* He also discovered that Dream and George got incredibly flustered when anyone mentioned their feelings for each other, proven by the suppressed cough he heard from behind him at the totally definitely innocuous lyric.

*"And it's the story of the kid who just wants to make a record,"* The audience didn't seem to notice, though. *"Loves and crafts it but nobody ever, ever cares about it."*

The show had gone pretty smoothly all night, not considering the sheer tension between Quackity and the brunette, who seemed to constantly be weaving through the crowd. At least, Quackity had interpreted it as tension, but maybe the guy actually thought he'd never even seen him in his life and was just *really* focused on the singing. Either way, whenever they made eye contact, Quackity had to try his best to focus on the lyrics he was singing and not the boy's eyes.

*"Everybody's gotta live a life that they didn't ask for,"* The song was coming to an end, and so was the show. He didn't know how to feel about it. *"Why would he put me here just to die, just to, just to die?"* But he definitely knew he wanted more.

*"Well, hey, hey, what's your name? Talk is for the guys you hate, we should sit in silence while we think of what to say,"* He looked at other people in the audience too, obviously. *"Hey, hey, I don't think this is working out, will you forget I even asked you to come over to my house,"* Trying to determine their opinions on the songs, or trying to see if he could memorize their appearances to see who would return to the next show. *"And hey, hey I don't think I know much, but I know I couldn't take a good punch,"* They seemed to be enjoying themselves. And so was Quackity. *"So if you feel like I've been talking enough, just tell me to shut up and I will gladly shut the fuck up and die!"*

The applause that followed was a feeling Quackity would find himself craving more and more after the crowd scattered. The whoops and cheers made his heart soar, and for once he finally felt truly appreciated. He was doing something with his best friends that all of them absolutely adored, and they were finally able to share their enjoyment with others. It was the best feeling in the world, Quackity decided.

As the street lamps flickered on, casting an orange glow along the ground past the thinning crowd,

the four of them began cleaning up. Sapnap let out a comically dramatic sigh as he lifted his guitar strap over his head, staring towards the distance. Quackity raised an eyebrow, as Sapnap began to speak.

"We really need a fucking bassist." George yawned as he nodded along to Sapnap's statement, and rubbed his eyes.

"Well we don't know any bassists, do we?" George spoke in a lightly condescending tone as he leaned his head against the neck of his guitar.

"I mean, are you sure? Like there has to be *someone* we know who plays bass, right?" The other three must have been too tired to notice, but Quackity's head turned as he heard someone approach their little circle.

Quackity had to blink a few times to make sure that the figure standing in front of them wasn't just his imagination going wild this late in the evening. But, he was sure of it. Purple hoodie. Messy brown hair. He cleared his throat,

"Uh, I can play the bass pretty well."

## Chapter End Notes

can you tell Scott Pilgrim and Julie and the Phantoms are two of my favourite pieces of media? lmao

the songs used in this chapter are Yer Killin Me by Remo Drive and Typical Story by Hobo Johnson! both absolute fucking bops, great stuff to shout at the top of your lungs yk

kudos, comments, and suggestions are always so very appreciated :]

# I stand by my point, bassists are Hot

## Chapter Notes

is this enough of a slow burn??? i've literally never written fics longer than 5k words before, i have no fuckin clue as to what i'm doing lmao  
god i hope it's not weird that i set it as my wallpaper, but @Seanagtala on twitter made some hella cute fanart of skater boy Karl and like !!! istg it is so fucking good, i love their art style sm, go check out their stuff :]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Quackity gripped a cushion close to his chest as he sat cross-legged on Dream's couch. He watched as Sapnap anxiously rubbed the back of his neck across from him. He was in a similar position, staring intently at his phone screen. Their collective tiredness from the performance the night before was effectively overshadowed by their mutual excited anxiety for the interaction ahead.

"So. Who's gonna talk?" Sapnap finally lifted his gaze from his phone as he spoke, locking eyes with Quackity, who almost immediately looked away.

"I totally froze up yesterday, dude, I doubt this time would be any better," Quackity let out an anxious laugh as he stared at the phone screen. Sapnap's thumb hovered over the green call button, and written above it in bold text was the name 'Karl'.

"Well I wasn't any better," Sapnap stammered as his elbow settled on the top of the couch. Both of them were staring at the screen now. It was clear the night before that Quackity wasn't the only one charmed by the newcomer, but unlike with Quackity, in Sapnap's case it meant sidling up to the brunette and striking up a conversation almost immediately.

"Weren't you the one who got his number?" Quackity finally asked, incredulous, looking back up to Sapnap. His mouth struggled to form words as a few strands of dark hair slid in front of his eyes.

"That's only because I thought he was really cute," Sapnap managed to blurt out, attempting to fix his hair. Quackity struggled to decipher whether the faint grin on Sapnap's face was simply him laughing in the face of his anxiety, or if there were any deeper feelings there. Before Quackity could even begin to ask, Sapnap took a sharp breath in and hastily pressed the call button, raising the phone to his ear. Quackity stuttered as he heard the phone ring twice, still processing what just happened.

"Hello?" Quackity was certain it was Karl speaking on the other end, but he couldn't make out what he was saying. "Yeah, this is- this is Sapnap, yeah." Quackity watched as Sapnap scratched behind his ear, which was already turning a light shade of pink.

"Yeah totally! Um, would you be able to come to uh, to practice today?" Sapnap's eyes were darting around the room, looking anywhere but Quackity. "Yeah, the same address." Quackity nervously leaned in, attempting to hear even a second of Karl's voice. God, he was desperate.

"Cool, yep, mhm," Sapnap finally locked eyes with Quackity. His piercing dark blue gaze contrasted the shade of pink slowly spreading over his cheekbones. "Yeah so I guess I'll see you then? Cool, bye!"

Sapnap almost dropped the phone as he shakily set it down on the couch. Quackity watched as he slowly processed what just happened, and stood up, walking towards the living room door. Before Quackity could ask where he was going, Sapnap stopped, holding onto the side of the doorframe.

"Jokes on you, I'm the one that got to hear the cutie's voice." The two of them finally giggled in relief, and Quackity began shaking his head as he prepared to throw the cushion he was still clutching at Sapnap, who managed to duck his head just in time as he walked out.

The cushion slid against the wall, falling onto the floor with a dull thud just as Quackity collapsed backwards on the couch. He rubbed his eyes, a grin plastered across his face as he tried for the hundredth time to wrap his head around the fact that Karl isn't just a familiar stranger anymore. Not just a pretty face in a crowd or an eye-catching hoodie turning a corner. Hell, they knew each others names now, and that was enough to set Quackity's heart aflutter.

Quackity raised his head as Sapnap sauntered back into the room, a content smile on his face and a can of Monster in his hand. He set it down on the coffee table to pick up the discarded cushion, still laying by the door. Quackity was still caught up in his thoughts, and didn't process Sapnap raising the cushion over his head, before fully launching it at Quackity.

It hit him directly in the stomach, and with much more force than Quackity would've expected. He curled in on himself in pain as he rolled off the couch, groaning. Sapnap immediately dashed towards him.

"Shit, sorry, are you okay? I didn't mean-" Sapnap was cut off by Quackity, who quickly reached over to grab a larger pillow and whack him over the head with it. Sapnap fell onto the couch with a shocked expression as Quackity stood up, a playful smile on his face.

"What? Can't handle a little pillow fight?" A matching grin slowly spread across Sapnap's face as he grabbed the cushion he'd originally hit Quackity with. The two of them giggled like children as they dodged and weaved between flying pillows, occasionally landing a hit on the other and knocking them to the side.

As Sapnap attempted to reach for a second pillow, Quackity took the chance to knock him over, and he fell backwards onto the couch once again. Just as Sapnap raised himself up onto his elbows, Quackity tripped on the leg of the coffee table in his approach, sending himself falling towards Sapnap. He flailed his arms to no avail, and closed his eyes in preparation for the impact.

He heard a groan beneath him, and as he opened his eyes again, Quackity was met with Sapnap's flushed face. He awkwardly lifted his head from where it was planted on Sapnap's chest, attempting to sputter out an apology. He was now incredibly conscious of where Sapnap's hands rested on his shoulders, and how he just would not stop looking at him.

Quackity's stuttering slowly came to a stop as he realized Sapnap wasn't making any effort to move or get Quackity off of him. He suddenly became aware of just how blue Sapnap's eyes were; dark enough to be mistaken as grey from a distance, but at this proximity, clearly as blue as a stormy ocean- when they weren't obscured by loose strands of dark hair slipping out of his bandana. He noticed that Sapnap's pink lips were separated just the tiniest bit, and Quackity found himself leaning in...

Until the sounds of Dream and George snickering their way down the hall sent Quackity sliding off the couch, and Sapnap almost immediately scooting to the opposite end of it. The sound of Sapnap cracking open his Monster can was accompanied by the living room door opening, and the grinning duo finally stepped in.

"So," George began as he made his way towards the couch, Dream close behind. "I was saying we should order McDonald's but-" His own giggles cut him off as he sat down next to Sapnap.

"But I think Karl strikes me as a Domino's sorta guy," Dream continued for him as he also took a seat, shooting a wide smirk towards George.

"What's that even supposed to mean?" Sapnap let out a nervous laugh as he spoke, raising the can to his lips as his eyes jumped between Dream and George with confusion.

Quackity kept glancing at Sapnap as the four spoke, who seemed to be doing the same, almost immediately looking back at his drink whenever they made eye contact. As if that wasn't enough, his ears and cheeks also seemed to have kept the very same rosy hue they took on during the phone call earlier.

---

He was here. Karl was actually here, in Dream's garage, and Quackity could not take his eyes off of him.

He was stood next to George, and the two of them were highly focused on the pages a notebook George was holding. He was explaining songs and chords to Karl, but not a single word was entering Quackity's ears. He was too focused on the way Karl brushed his hair out of his eyes, or the way he clutched onto the strap of his guitar case.

He managed to peel his gaze off of Karl, briefly looking towards Sapnap. He seemed to be equally as entranced, and the two of them were stood barely a foot apart as they watched the exchange.

Dream clapped George over the shoulder as he returned to the garage, a smirk on his face and a dusty sheet music stand in hand.

"Are we good to go or do you guys need another minute?" Dream asked as he set up the stand, adjusting the height. Karl shook his head with a smile, and Quackity almost melted as he began to speak.

"No, I think I'm good," Karl spoke as he slipped the strap of his guitar case off of his shoulder. He placed it gently on the floor, kneeling down beside it. Quackity and Sapnap couldn't help but lean closer, watching as he unzipped it.

What he pulled out was a complete contrast to almost everything about him- a simple, beige coloured bass guitar.

"Are we cool with Garbage Truck?" George asked, setting up the notebook he was holding on the music stand. Everyone voiced their agreements as Karl stood up, slinging a plain black guitar strap over his head.

Quackity cleared his throat as he walked up to the mic. He watched the others get into position, and noticed Sapnap shooting Karl a wink. He almost felt a pang of jealousy, but Karl's rosy cheeks and Sapnap's teasing grin were absolutely worth it.

Karl's fingers glided masterfully along the neck of his bass as the song began, and Quackity immediately knew he was a keeper. Both in terms of the band and... otherwise.

"*I'll take you for a ride*," Quackity closed his eyes to avoid looking at Karl. "*On my garbage truck*," This was great. The band finally felt and sounded whole, complete; and he had an excuse to see his crush every week. He couldn't get enough of it.

"*Take you uptown, I'll show you the sights, you know you wanna ride*," Quackity's eyes finally fluttered open. "*On my garbage truck*," Karl had a smile plastered across his face as he played, his head bobbing lightly.

"*We'll pass the mansions by*," He noticed Sappap was pretty focused on Karl, too. "*Drive right through the needle's eye oh my, my my my my*," He just couldn't tell if it was because of his skill with the bass or something else.

"*I've got a stereo, you just gotta turn the knob, and baby we'll go*," Quackity clutched onto the microphone as he sang, his leg bouncing. "*As far as we can, I'll be your garbage man*," Quackity ran his hand through his hair in attempt to push it out of his face, catching Karl's attention. The two locked eyes and Quackity couldn't help but grin as he sang, before shutting his eyes again.

"*Jesus in the rearview, and the highway patrol is up ahead*," Every day the band only sounded better and better. "*In my garbage truck, truck*," But this was a drastic improvement.

"*I'll never throw you away, when you're old and grey, we'll just roll it away*."

Dream and Sappap almost immediately began singing Karl's praises when the song ended, complimenting his playing and mostly just freaking out about him being able to nail it on the first try.

Karl shrugged, his face flush as he plucked a little riff, as if to prove a point. He thanked the two of them before flicking to the next page of the notebook

"Dream was amazing with the drums as always, and what the hell Quackity," The mention of his name brought his focus back to the conversation, and Quackity whipped his head towards Karl. "I seriously love your voice!"

Quackity's stomach erupted into a swarm of butterflies, his throat closing up as he felt Karl's gaze on him. He stuttered a thanks as he rubbed the back of his neck.

"Do you play any instruments?" Quackity nodded as he studied Karl's warm features.

"Yeah, I have an acoustic guitar at home actually." He watched Karl's eyes light up, and he felt his stomach turn itself into a knot.

"Aww, I'd love to hear you play sometime!"

## Chapter End Notes

screw this i'm rewatching Scott Pilgrim for the fifth time this year  
the song in this chapter is Garbage Truck by Sex Bob-Omb. v fun, certified Bop since i  
heard it at like 4am at a sleepover in 2018  
btw people that leave kudos and comments on fics are 1000% funnier and sexier than  
the rest of the population, this is scientific fact /lh

# Quacknap supremacy amirite guys

## Chapter Notes

just thought i should mention, i am aiming for about twenty something chapters with this one so Good Luck y'all  
anyway i'm gay and touchstarved so here

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Quackity let out a defeated sigh as he finally opened his eyes, glaring at the ceiling of his darkened bedroom. Usually he'd be so exhausted after practice that he would pass out the moment his head collided with the cool surface of his pillow, but this time was different. This time he just couldn't seem to stop his mind from racing.

He had feelings for Karl, that much was obvious. Quackity just couldn't keep his eyes off of him all day. He couldn't help but constantly notice how his hair fell over his eyes, or the way he pulled his hoodie sleeves over his hands, or the way he chewed on his lip when he was particularly concentrated. He yearned to be closer to him, to catch his gaze, his attention.

However, over the course of the few hours, he also noticed that he wasn't the only one pining. Sapnap didn't seem to be the flaunting type when he and Quackity first met, but he was constantly showing off to Karl, swooning at any glance or touch, constantly trying to make him laugh. It was fun to watch, sometimes; the way Karl's cheeks would turn pink as he looked away, or the sparkle in Sapnap's eyes as he bathed in the attention.

So he'd been tossing and turning in his bed all night, all because of two boys. Two very, very pretty boys. Two boys he was in a band with, and saw at least once a week. Two stupid boys who just refused to leave his mind. Karl, who he most definitely had a crush on, and Sapnap, who...

Quackity almost immediately shot upwards when he heard his curtains rustle. His eyes were locked on the moving fabric while his pulse raced in his ears. His breathing sped up; he'd left the window open. He always leaves the window open when it's warm, he knew it was a mistake, he knew it, and now-

Now Sapnap clambered into his room from behind the curtain. Quackity was more in shock than scared at this point, and he clicked his bedside lamp on. The two of them blinked a couple times as their eyes adjusted to the light, and Quackity shot Sapnap the most confused look he could manage.

"Dream and George are fucking and it's your fault and now I can't sleep," Sapnap sighed as he crossed his arms. Quackity just gawked at him.

"I- What??" Sapnap was stood, in the middle of Quackity's room, at an ungodly hour of the night, in nothing but a t-shirt and sweatpants. The bags under his eyes really added to it all.

"Did I stutter?" Sapnap shot Quackity a mocking look, before grinning as he sat down at the foot of his bed. His head turned as he inspected Quackity's room, nodding lightly. "Nice place you've got."

"Wh-" Quackity couldn't help but let out a confused laugh, "Why the fuck did you come in through

my window?" Sapnap shrugged as he turned back to face him.

"You mentioned that's how you always leave for late night band meets and stuff," Sapnap wiggled his head as he spoke, as if that was an obvious conclusion.

"Okay... why can't you just sleep in your own house?" Quackity watched as Sapnap racked his brain for a witty comeback, before practically deflating as he pinched the bridge of his nose.

"Basically, uh... my dad, he um, he's been single for a while, right, but he has this new boyfriend," Sapnap's eyebrows scrunched together, "I think, his name was Skeppy? And they uh, they're... pretty loud too." As Quackity slowly comprehend the whole situation, a bubble of laughter rose in his chest, and he eventually fell backwards in a fit of giggles.

Sapnap gave him an unamused look as he sat in silence, waiting for Quackity to calm down. He eventually sat back up, wiping a small tear from the corner of his eye as he took a deep breath. He felt bad for Sapnap, sure, but it was still fucking hilarious.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry," Quackity managed through a final few giggles, "At this rate we'll have to fuck too, just so we don't feel left out."

Quackity meant it as a joke. He knew he meant it as a joke. It was entirely just a joke. But the way Sapnap's ears turned almost red as his eyes flicked around his lap, and the nervous laugh that escaped his lips made Quackity rethink every word he'd ever said.

"I mean," Sapnap let out another anxious laugh, "Not without Karl here." The two locked eyes as Quackity became increasingly aware of just how silent the room was.

"So if he was here you'd want to?"

It really didn't feel like a joke anymore. Especially when Quackity noticed Sapnap glancing to his lips more and more.

Quackity tried to lean forward, move even the tiniest bit closer to him, but the second Sapnap registered the movement he almost immediately hopped off of Quackity's bed.

"Haha, yeah, that would be so fucking funny dude, what the hell," The awkwardness was audible in Sapnap's voice as he scratched the back of his neck, "Anyway I'm honestly cool with just sleeping on the floor."

"What? No, come on," Quackity tried to protest as Sapnap shrugged and brushed him off.

"I'll be fine, I've had worse, do you have a pillow I could borrow though?" Quackity nodded as he solemnly handed Sapnap one of his many pillows.

"There's a spare blanket in the closet, too." Sapnap nodded as he walked over, opening the door and pulling out a fluffy blanket. Quackity felt a tinge of pity as he watched Sapnap lay down on the carpet, but they exchanged 'good night's and Quackity clicked off the lamp.

He couldn't just ask Sapnap to sleep in his bed, especially after what had just happened. Not that he wanted to, obviously. Not that he wanted the warmth of another person beside him, the constant reassurance of a comforting presence. He definitely did not want Sapnap in his bed, and he definitely wasn't thinking about how close Sapnap was to him, despite being passed out on the floor. His regular, sleepy breathing helped calm Quackity's racing heart down as he tried not to think about what had just happened.



They were already so close, but all Quackity wanted was to be closer.

## Chapter End Notes

y'all have seen enough Karlnapity content that focuses on Karlnap but i'm in love with c!Quackity so he gets the spotlight in this fic okay /hj  
the next few chapters are gonna be really fun! i think! i hope! but yeah i'm excited to write em >:D  
kudos and comments help keep a guy motivated, thank you for the support my beloveds <3

## \*yearning\*

### Chapter Notes

speedrunning updates let's gooo  
anyway i'm continuing with quacknap because. i love them

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Quackity's eyes fluttered open as he gradually awoke, facing the sunlit wall of his bedroom. He rolled over onto his back, allowing himself a contented stretch, and a deep sigh. His head turned to his other side, and he was immediately startled out of his early, tired state by the sight of a face.

Sapnap's face.

Sapnap's peaceful, sleeping face, drooling on *his* pillow. His unconscious form laying in *his* bed. It took Quackity a panicked moment to remember what exactly happened last night- or more specifically what *didn't* happen- and a strange mixture of relief and disappointment washed over him.

Quackity couldn't help but study Sapnap's calm features as he layed there. He could've sworn Sapnap didn't fall asleep in his bed the night before, but he wasn't complaining. At this distance, Quackity could see just how long Sapnap's eyelashes were as they fell over his strong cheekbones, or the light stubble that peppered his chin, or the small movements of his soft lips. Quackity really needed to stop staring at his lips.

Sapnap suddenly took a sharp breath in, and his eyes slowly blinked open. Quackity realised just how close their faces actually were, just in time for Sapnap to shoot up to a sitting position.

"What... What the hell- what happened?" Sapnap had thrown the duvet off the two of them as he sat up, allowing an unwelcome breeze of cool air to wash over Quackity. He watched as Sapnap's head whipped around the room, "Did we uh... did we fuck?"

Quackity couldn't help but burst into a fit of laughter at the expression plastered across Sapnap's face as he spoke. He propped himself up onto his elbow as he raised his other hand to push the hair out of his eyes.

"What? No! You keep bringing that up- what, do you *fantasize* about it or something?" Quackity giggled as he spoke, but his laughter slowly died out as he watched Sapnap's face grow red. His eyes were still darting about, until they seemed to settle on the bed. Specifically, Quackity's bare thighs.

"...You sleep in your underwear?" Suddenly, Quackity felt incredibly exposed. A pretty boy was sat in his bed, staring at him with wide eyes and rosy cheeks. And he seemed to be avoiding Quackity's question. Not how he'd expected to start his morning, to say the least.

"It gets really warm at night, okay?" As Quackity awkwardly pulled the duvet back over his legs, the two began lightly giggling, until it slowly devolved into a mutual laughing fit, almost to the point of tears.

This was what Quackity had always wanted. To wake up in a warm, sunny room, to have friends to constantly goof off with, to have things to look forward to. But... was Sapnap just a friend? Were their prolonged stares and little touches and jokes-gone-just-a-little-too-far really just friendly? Did friends accidentally stare at any possible inch of each others bare skin, or note the way sunlight perfectly framed their messy hair? And why did Quackity almost constantly yearn to be closer to him, yearn so hard it made his chest tight just thinking about it?

"You've gone kind of quiet, are you okay?" Quackity was harshly snapped back to reality by the worried look on Sapnap's face, and he gently nodded as he rubbed his eyes.

"Yeah, just... still tired." Quackity grabbed his phone from his bedside table, checking the time. "Didn't we have plans to meet up with the others today?"

---

Quackity's mind was still stuck on all the random moments of tension between him and Sapnap as the two walked side by side along the street. They were talking and goofing around like they normally did, but Quackity could feel there was something else there. Something both of them felt but were too scared to acknowledge. It wasn't made any better by the fact that their hands kept brushing against each other as they walked, and Quackity was almost certain it wasn't accidental.

"Dude stop being such a coward and just hold my fucking hand!" Quackity jokingly snapped, tired of their knuckles or the backs of their hands brushing past each other every few seconds. Clearly, the only reasonable course of action was to lace his fingers with those of his friend.

Both of them snickered at the situation, but neither dared to make a move to separate their hands as they walked.

"Just two homies holding hands," Sapnap grinned, eyes intently focused on the footpath ahead of him.

"Yep, just best bros," Quackity managed through a breathy laugh. Shit, he really hadn't thought this far.

"Uh huh, just, just two dudes," Sapnap was still giggling, while Quackity felt his stomach tie itself into a knot. He was overcome with a strange mixture of confusion and pure euphoria as their interlocked hands swung back and forth between them. Was this what he'd wanted this whole time? Was this what *Sapnap* had wanted?

"You know, holding hands might actually be a good thing," Sapnap began, finally looking at Quackity, "you're so short I worry your tiny legs might set you behind sometimes."

Quackity burst out laughing, elbowing Sapnap in the side, who feigned offense and in turn lightly pushed Quackity to the side. The two continued like this until Quackity looked up, realising that they'd practically reached the agreed upon meeting spot.

As they approached the weathered bandstand in the middle of the park, they spotted a familiar head of messy brown hair sat on the grass beside it. As per usual, he was sipping a can of Monster, and as he looked up from his phone, he gave the two approaching figures a wave. They almost immediately let go of each other's hands as they said their greetings.

"You two are such a cute couple," Karl laughed as he stood up, "I'm so sorry for third wheeling

you guys."

Quackity felt his face heat up as he took a step away from Sapnap, "Oh, we're not *dating*-"

Sapnap shrugged as he spoke at the same time as Quackity "It's honestly fine-"

"There's no way we could ever date-"

"You don't have to be a third *wheel* you know-"

"Besides, he's straight."

There was a slight pause as Sapnap gave a small "Well," to Quackity's statement. Both Quackity and Karl looked at Sapnap with surprise, but before either of them could say anything, two other familiar figures approached them, each holding paper McDonald's bags.

"So are we eating here or what?" Dream looked between the three of them as he spoke, George close behind him.

They silently agreed to ignore the previous conversation, and the five of them went off to find the perfect spot for their meal before their finals began.

## Chapter End Notes

i used to write like. Hetalia and Hamilton porn back in ye olden days of tumblr but the second i write minecraft men making sex jokes i'm like "hmm idk about this :/" as always kudos are insanely appreciated, and waking up to EIGHT comments after posting the last chapter almost made me cry i'm barely even kidding. love y'all <3 maybe we'll get some Karlity next? who knows...

i do. i know exactly what the next dozen or so chapters will entail lmao y'all are in for a fucking Ride

# Karlity nation come get your food

## Chapter Notes

Dream stan?? no, you must've misheard me, i'm a Dream *clone*. got me fuckin speedrunning these updates for all y'all smh /lh  
anyway yes Karl time >:D

very, *very* slight cw for blood in this chapter btw  
nothing major mans just falls on his face lol

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Quackity watched as Dream and Sapnap walked away, giving them one last wave before turning back around. The sun was setting in the distance, staining the cloudless horizon a deep orange. He began walking home, tired, but mostly prepared for his first exam the next morning.

Oh, and Karl was there too.

"So, uh. We walk in the same direction, huh?" Quackity nodded, having been aware of the fact but unwilling to acknowledge it in his mind as the band slowly split for the evening.

They walked mostly in silence; Quackity worrying he would stumble over his words the moment he attempted a one on one conversation with him. Despite that, it was comfortable- the two of them walking side by side, appreciating the almost perfect silence after a day of goofing off with friends.

"Sorry, but I have to ask- were you the guy I saw in the middle of the night? That one time?" Karl was looking at him now, and Quackity took a moment to figure out which 'one time' he was talking about.

"Oh, yeah, I think so. I was walking to Dream's place for band stuff." Karl nodded, but before the awkward silence set back in Quackity couldn't help but blurt out, "Your skateboard's very cool, by the way."

Karl grinned as he thanked him, and Quackity struggled to look away from his face; the setting sun making his smiling features glow.

"I wish I knew how to ride one." Karl's eyes immediately lit up at the statement, and Quackity felt the familiar butterflies wreaking havoc in his stomach.

"I could show you!" The excitement was audible in Karl's voice as he walked, a newfound bounce in his step.

"Nah, honestly it's fine-"

"No, please, I insist!" Karl's pleading voice and the smile plastered across his face almost made Quackity weak in the knees, and he eventually gave in, allowing Karl to lead him to his house.

The sky was a deep reddish purple by the time Quackity found himself standing beneath a flickering streetlamp, waiting for Karl to grab his board. He watched as the rest of the streetlamps flicked on, nothing but the sound of summer crickets keeping him company.

Karl was still beaming when he finally walked out, board in hand, just as Quackity had remembered it.

He rode it down the driveway towards him, but Quackity was so focused on how cute his smirk was that he almost jumped when Karl stomped his foot on the ground, bringing the board to a stop directly in front of him. He hopped off, gesturing towards the board, and Quackity carefully placed a foot onto it.

He hadn't stepped on a skateboard in years, so he was visibly shaky at first. This ended up working in his favour, however, as it meant Karl was constantly hovering around him to ensure he wouldn't fall. When he held out his hand, Quackity gladly took it, both for stability and honestly just for an excuse to hold his hand for a bit. It was softer than Sapnap's, and Quackity had to stop himself from eyeing the rings on his fingers before he lost balance.

Quackity felt his heart drop a little when he started to speed up and Karl let go of his hand, but it was thrilling even just to go back and forth on the road on his own, Karl instructing him on how to turn and hold himself properly. When Quackity slowed down, Karl placed a gentle hand on his back to straighten his posture, and a burst of electricity shot up his spine at the sudden touch.

Eventually, Quackity seemed to get the hang of it, and Karl let him go off on his own as he stepped back to lean against a lamp post. As Quackity pulled a particularly sharp turn, he heard Karl clap a few times.

"You're doing so well!"

Quackity felt his ears grow warm at the sudden praise, and with his stomach continuing to go wild, it was only expected that he became distracted. Distracted enough to place his foot wrong, causing him to slip off the board and practically faceplant onto the rough tarmac below.

Luckily, he managed to stick his hands out in front of him just in time as to not break his face open, but the fall still hurt like a bitch. He slowly sat up, examining his hands. He'd practically skinned his palms, and as he watched the small crimson beads of blood beginning to form, his attention was drawn to the sharp pain in his knee.

He turned his gaze towards his leg just as Karl ran over, trying to ensure he was okay. A small red stain was already beginning to form on his knee, visible despite the black fabric of his sweatpants.

"Shoot, are you okay? Here, let me help you up." Karl wrapped one of Quackity's arms around his own shoulders as he guided him onto his feet. One of his arms was firmly wrapped around Quackity's waist, while the other carried the skateboard. Quackity's mind was almost completely taken off of the pain in his leg as all he could focus on was the physical contact between him and Karl.

Karl gradually guided Quackity through the door and into his house. He could've mentioned that he was able to support himself just fine, but Karl's hand on his waist worked better than any painkiller.

Karl quickly showed him the bathroom before running upstairs to grab a first aid kit. As Quackity stood there, washing the dried blood and dusty debris from his hands, it finally hit him. He was in Karl's house. *He was stood in Karl's house. In his bathroom staring into his mirror.* It almost felt like a dream; almost, if not for the fact that his knee was still in a decent amount of pain.

Once Karl returned, he guided Quackity into the living room, before sitting him down on the couch. Quackity watched as Karl sat on the floor in front of him, digging through a small box of

assorted first aid supplies. He placed a small bottle and some tissues on the ground beside him, and looked up at Quackity as he took hold of the hem of his pants at his ankle. Quackity took a deep breath in as he nodded, and tried not to pay too much attention to Karl's fingers brushing against his calf as he rolled the leg of his pants above his knee.

It wasn't too bad. He managed to skin basically his entire knee, too, and it was pretty bloody, but once Karl cleaned it it didn't look nearly as horrible as it felt.

"I do need to disinfect it though, so, sit still for me, okay?" Quackity felt his cheeks grow warm as he nodded, and Karl poured some of the liquid from the bottle onto a tissue. The moment Karl touched it to his knee, Quackity's eyes slammed shut as he winced, a sharp pain immediately searing into his leg.

"It's alright, you're doing great." He placed his free hand on Quackity's other knee, comfortingly running his thumb back and forth as he continued to dab the tissue to his wound.

"You did so well." Quackity was about to combust as he watched Karl smile and look to the side, putting away the tissue. He routed through the box again, pulling out a fairly large bandage. He peeled off the back, and carefully stuck it onto Quackity's knee, evening out the edges.

Now, Quackity thought that would be the end of it. He would just thank Karl, stand up, walk out, and go home.

What he wasn't expecting, was for Karl to plant a quick kiss on Quackity's knee before rolling his pant leg back down.

"No harm in trying to kiss it better." Karl beamed up at Quackity, who's heart almost leaped into his throat at the sight. Yep, he thought, no harm in kissing. Kissing him. Right now. On the lips.

"I'm sorry, did that make you uncomfortable? I didn't mean-" Quackity hadn't noticed Karl's face slowly morph into a frown as he had sat there in complete silence, dumbfounded, and he vigorously shook his head at Karl's question.

"No no, it's fine! Seriously," he laughed as he watched Karl calm down, "you could kiss my hands better too if you want."

Shit. Quackity really needed to watch what he said; this was, what, the second time he blurted something he really didn't mean to in front of a crush? He managed to brush it off, but Karl's rosy cheeks and his own warm face may have proven otherwise.

"Here," Karl pulled one last thing from the box, "just in case." He placed a wad of bandaids in Quackity's hand. Upon closer inspection, they had small dinosaurs on them, all in different colours. Of course.

"Do you want me to walk you home?" Karl led Quackity to the door, who was able to walk pretty well on his own by now.

"Oh, no, I'll be fine, I-"

"Please? It's the least I could do." Karl's puppy dog eyes seemed to sparkle as he opened the front door, and Quackity couldn't bare to tell him no.

They walked together mostly in silence, appreciating the cool breeze of the summer evening. The sky was still a deep blue, but a few common constellations were already easy to make out in the near dark.

The walk to Quackity's home was surprisingly quick- too quick, even- and the two stood in front of his driveway, neither wanting to say goodbye first.

Before he knew it, Karl had pulled Quackity into a hug, and once he was over the shock, Quackity wrapped his arms around him as well. He was worried that Karl would be able to hear his heart going absolutely haywire, but he was strangely comforted by the sound of Karl's similarly rapid heartbeat.

The two finally managed to say their goodbyes as they separated, but once Quackity reached his front door, he couldn't help but turn and watch as Karl walked away.

## Chapter End Notes

hurt/comfort tropes go *brrr*

i just wanted to say that i am in love with every single person that has left kudos or comments on this fic. every single one of you. if i ever met any of y'all i'd smooch ur forehead /hj

and the folks that leave lil comments with your bookmarks, i see u, y'all sweet as heck



# Summer

## Chapter Notes

hello, i just wanted to apologize in case anyone got an email about an update like a few hours ago, i pressed the post button on accident, Like A Moron  
oh and cw for alcohol in this chapter i suppose, but everyone's of legal age n such

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Finals came and went, and somehow everyone was still alive.

The moment Quackity entered his room, he threw his bag to the corner and collapsed onto his bed, relief still coursing through him. He inhaled deeply as he sunk into the mattress, and shut his eyes against the daylight still peeking through his curtains.

He knew the first thing he was going to do was sleep. Sleep for as long as humanly possible. But that was about as far as he'd planned; the possibilities the summer held were far beyond him, and the best he could do was daydream.

The band could finally play more, at least. He knew Dream was already asking around the different bars in town to see if they could play a proper show somewhere, and with the band finally feeling complete, he was hopeful. Karl was the last push they needed to make the songs sound perfect.

Karl.

... Fuck.

Quackity also had more time to actually *think* about his feelings now, and he didn't appreciate it. He'd spent the last several weeks ignoring his emotions, but they seemed to have finally caught up to him. He knew he felt *something* for Sapnap, and definitely for Karl as well, he just had no clue what to do about it.

What *are* you supposed to do when you have a crush on *two* of your best friends?

Quackity didn't know.

Quackity just *didn't know*, so he did the most logical thing and called it a problem for another day, before slowly drifting off to sleep.

---

The sound of knocking on his window harshly pulled Quackity from his peaceful rest as he shot up in bed, attempting to orient himself. Thanks to the almost complete darkness of the room, he came to the conclusion that he took a very accidental, very *long* nap. He definitely deserved it though.

Quackity stood up, grabbing his phone as he cautiously approached the window. The time was

*fucking late*, so he already had a solid idea of who could be tapping on his window at such an hour.

He pulled the curtains aside, and was less than surprised to see Sapnap's smirking face crouched outside the window. He looked up to Dream giving him a wave from where he was stood, not too far behind.

What *did* surprise Quackity, however, were the swim shorts the two were wearing, and the towels thrown haphazardly over Dream's shoulder. Upon closer inspection, Sapnap appeared to be clutching onto a box of beers as well.

"So is this just going to keep happening or what?" Quackity cocked his head towards Sapnap as he opened the window, who laughed as he stood up properly.

"We were wondering if you'd want to go for a swim, like, to celebrate and stuff," Dream spoke as he approached, while Sapnap gestured to the box of beer cans, wiggling his eyebrows.

"Uh, sure." Not like he had anything better to do.

Quackity quickly pulled his curtains shut, before rummaging through his closet to grab his swimming shorts. He quickly stepped out of his pants before putting them on, and gave one final glance around his room.

"Where the hell are we going anyway?" Quackity pulled the curtain open again, before climbing through the open window into the cool night air. Sapnap and Dream already had cans in hand, and Sapnap offered Quackity one, which he gladly accepted.

"So you know that lake over..." Dream pointed down the lamplit street as the three walked away from Quackity's house, "in that sort of direction?" Quackity nodded, cracking open his beer with a satisfying hiss.

"Basically," Sapnap interjected, lightly bumping shoulders with Quackity, "there's a cool little dock there and we wanna try cannonballing off it." Both of them were giggling now, and Quackity couldn't help but smile. There was no way this would end well for any of them.

The walk didn't actually take that long; the three of them sharing their plans for the summer, telling shitty jokes, and almost spilling their drinks definitely helped pass the time. The sky was impossibly clear, and Quackity couldn't help but occasionally get lost in the sparkling web of stars above him as they spoke.

The trio passed through a small wooded area before coming upon a clearing by the lakeside. It was nothing impressive; just a bit of dirt and sand and however many metres of old wooden planks sticking out across the water, but it was nice. Peaceful, even.

The three of them ditched their shoes, phones, and other assorted belongings on the dusty ground before walking onto the dock. It creaked lightly beneath their feet, and as they sat down on the edge of it Quackity couldn't help but notice how still the water was.

Quackity *also* couldn't help but notice Sapnap grabbing onto the collar of his t-shirt and pulling it over his head, before throwing it aside. His already unruly dark hair stuck out in odd places as he elbowed Dream, who removed his own shirt too. Quackity tried his best to keep his eyes on his near empty can rather than the cute shirtless boy next to him, but when Sapnap began pestering him to take his shirt off too, he simply had to comply.

Quackity watched as Dream walked back along the dock, before turning and sprinting in the opposite direction to take a mighty leap off the end of it.

The sound of him splashing into the lake was *loud*, but so was his pained laugh as he floated to the surface of the murky water.

"*It's so fucking cold!!*" Sapnap and Quackity couldn't help but burst into laughter as Dream gradually swam back towards them, strands of blond hair dripping water onto his face.

"Hmm, honestly," Sapnap crossed his arms as he took on a joking tone, "I think I'm too much of a pussy to do that." Dream looked like he was about to murder someone. "I just don't feel like getting wet, and cold, and-"

What happened over the next few seconds felt like an eternity to Quackity.

First, Dream grabbed onto Sapnap's leg from where it dangled from the dock, giving his ankle a harsh tug as Sapnap spoke. This immediately pulled him from where he was sat, causing him to lose balance. Almost instinctively, Sapnap grabbed onto Quackity's arm so he wouldn't fall in, but this only helped to drag both of them off the dock, falling into the lake below.

It really was *fucking cold*. Quackity and Sapnap shrieked as they both got sudden mouthfulls of water, Dream laughing at them from where he was floating, content with the chaos he caused. Sapnap finally let go of Quackity's arm as he swam backwards a little, pushing the hair out of his eyes. Quackity just watched as Sapnap glared at Dream, a wide smirk across his face.

"I am *so* gonna get you back for this!" The three of them laughed as Sapnap swam towards Dream, splashing him with the cold water.

Eventually, it devolved into the three of them swimming around and splashing at each other, all while giggling like children. It was nice, Quackity thought. Nice to just let go of your problems and mess around with your friends for a bit. Sure, the three of them were tipsy and half naked and *cold*, but it was *fun*. That's all that mattered.

Quackity was pulled from his thoughts by Sapnap swimming up behind him, and grabbing onto his shoulders.

"Quack, save me!" He squeaked, and Quackity looked over to see Dream approaching from the direction of the dock, a cheeky smirk across his face. Sapnap's hands pressing down on his shoulders caused Quackity to sink below the water for a moment, only to receive a mouthful of lake water.

It was almost like a lightbulb appeared over Quackity's head with the plan he concocted, and he waited for the perfect moment as Dream got closer. He spat out the water he still held in his mouth in a small arched stream, aimed perfectly at Dream's head. Sapnap cheered as Dream wiped his face, swimming backwards to the dock.

"What the *fuck!*" The three of them laughed as Dream turned around, shaking the water out of his hair.

"You're my savior!" Sapnap and Quackity were now facing each other, and Sapnap beamed as he pulled Quackity in for a hug. It was brief, sure, but Quackity couldn't focus on anything other than their bare chests pressed against each other, or Sapnap's wet hair tickling the side of his neck.

Once he pulled away, the two stared at each other for a moment. The moonlight reflected perfectly in Sapnap's dark eyes, and the drops of water peppering his bare skin almost sparkled in the faint light. There were a few strands of dark hair stuck to Sapnap's forehead, and Quackity couldn't help but reach up and push them aside. Even in the near darkness, Quackity could see Sapnap's cheeks

flush at the touch.

"You really need a haircut," Quackity managed before bursting into a fit of giggles, reveling in the ruined moment as he swam back. Sapnap grinned as he shook his head, swimming after him.

Once he hauled himself back onto the dock, Quackity glanced over to see Dream sprawled across his towel. He had an arm behind his head, and was sipping on a fresh can of beer as he studied the stars above. Quackity decided to do the same, grabbing the towel that the two had so kindly brought for him and laying down on it. His chest rose and fell rapidly as he caught his breath, his legs beginning to ache from the amount of swimming they had done. He closed his eyes, and attempted to relax.

He eventually heard Sapnap climb onto the dock, and assumed that he decided to join the two as another towel was laid out next to him. Quackity briefly opened his eyes to see Sapnap making himself comfortable almost directly beside him, taking a deep breath as he stared at the starry sky above.

Quackity couldn't help but note their proximity, and an idea came to his mind.

Maybe it was a stupid idea.

Maybe he was just drunk. Or tired. Or completely delusional.

But maybe, just maybe, it could work.

Quackity's hand slowly crept off of his own towel, and onto Sapnap's. It was a gradual movement, and once he felt the backs of their palms brush together, his pulse quickened. He panicked as he felt Sapnap's hand draw back for a painful moment, but Quackity's stomach exploded with a swarm of butterflies when Sapnap moved his hand back, and entwined their fingers together.

It didn't feel awkward. Or weird. Or like some joke. It just felt *right*.

Despite Quackity's still racing heart, in that moment- staring at the impossibly bright constellations above him, his limbs aching, Sapnap's hand in his- he felt more comfortable and at peace than he ever did before.

---

By the time the horizon began to bleed a pale blue, the three had stashed their empty beer cans in the box they came in, and slowly gathered up their belongings as they stumbled away from the clearing.

Quackity and Sapnap didn't acknowledge what happened a few hours prior, but their shoulders kept bumping as they walked.

"That was so much fun," Sapnap yawned, as the other two nodded along.

"We *need* to do that again sometime," Dream stretched his arms above his head as he spoke.

The three of them were giggly, tired, and drunk, and Quackity was the only one actually wearing a shirt, but he decided it was the perfect time to pull out his phone.

Just as Sapnap cracked some shitty joke, the three of them burst out laughing, and Quackity

quickly snapped a picture. He looked at it for a moment; their stupid grins, their messy hair, the towels thrown around their necks. Perfect. Perfect and stupid and immature and *fun*.

He pressed send, and typed out a message as he watched the dot by Karl's name light up green.

"Wish you were here"

## Chapter End Notes

heh i keep forgetting Americans can't drink til they're 21 lol, sucks to be you guys ig  
/lh

also i just wanted to say that i appreciate y'all more than words can describe, every single comment i recieve absolutely makes my day, and ten chapters ago i really wasn't expecting this fic to get anywhere near this much attention. thank you so so much for all the support <3

# Domestic Hangovers

## Chapter Notes

hello my beloveds, so sorry this chapter took a while! first of all it's been upwards of like 30°C here for the past week and my edgy ass Cannot handle heat so my brain has been totally fried, and second i was suddenly struck with the motivation to actually draw for once so i've been working on stuff for my tiktok >:)  
my @ is the same (on basically all social media because i fear no god) if anyone wants to go check it out! it's just some karlnapity shit lol

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The dampness against his cheek slowly roused Quackity from his deep sleep, and his eyes blinked open to a familiar wall. A familiar wall, but one that definitely wasn't his own. Confused, he lifted himself onto his elbows in attempt to get his bearings.

To his mild surprise, Quackity was laying on Dream's living room carpet. A damp towel was the closest thing he had to a pillow, and he was still wearing his swim trunks and t-shirt. His phone was laid beside him, and Quackity picked it up to check the time. He squinted at the sudden harsh light, and as he eyed the bright numbers on his screen, he couldn't help but sneeze.

Once he placed his phone back down, his heart almost jumped into his throat as something across the room began to stir. His eyes slowly adjusted back to the darkness, and he stared at the shape now rising from the couch.

"Sapnap?" The unruly hair was unmistakably his, even in the dark.

"Wh- huh?" Quackity snorted lightly as he watched Sapnap's head whip around.

"I'm over here, dumbass." Quackity struggled to stand up as he spoke, his vision still swimming from the amount of beer he drank. He musn't have been asleep for long.

Sapnap rubbed his eyes as Quackity stumbled over, trying his absolute best to walk in a straight line. As Quackity stood in front of the couch, he couldn't help but stare at Sapnap's bare arms and chest as he stretched, a yawn escaping his mouth. His arms flopped back down to the blanket over his legs, and he looked up at Quackity; the grin spreading across Sapnap's features was enough to make his stomach knot itself twice over.

"Great way to start the summer break, huh?" A smile was still plastered across his face as he spoke. His stupid smile. His stupid fucking smile and his stupid fucking sparkly eyes.

"What, tipsy and shirtless in a dark room with another guy?" Quackity whispered, tilting his head towards Sapnap, who almost immediately let out a bark of a laugh.

Quackity, with a sudden panic running through him, rushed to place his hand over Sapnap's mouth in attempt to silence him.

"You're gonna wake up the whole house, shut the hell up!" Quackity whispered aggressively, hand still over Sapnap's face. He quickly calmed down, and wrapped a hand around Quackity's wrist to

pull it down.

"Make me." Both of their quiet giggles died down as Quackity gazed into Sarnap's eyes. His mind was focused on the warmth still wrapped around his wrist, and it almost made Quackity excited. Almost made him do something he never would have otherwise.

But they were both tipsy. And half asleep. And it was a joke. Sarnap was joking and Quackity had to stop himself from taking things too far.

Quackity lightly scoffed as he stepped back, fully intending to go back to sleep, and hoping to forget the moment by morning. What he wasn't expecting, was for Sarnap to pull him back by his wrist.

Quackity, still fairly dazed from sleeplessness and the remainder of the alcohol in his system, stumbled to a sitting position on the couch. He watched as Sarnap layed down, slightly lifting the blanket. Seeing Quackity's confused expression, he gave his wrist another gentle tug.

"C'mere." Sarnap's voice was far more gentle than Quackity had ever heard it before, and he couldn't help but lie down next to him as Sarnap wrapped the blanket around the two of them

"There's no way I'm letting you go back to sleep on the floor." Quackity was about to call him out for his hypocrisy, before Sarnap wrapped his arms around his waist and buried his face in Quackity's chest.

Quackity's stomach did somersaults as his hands slowly settled on Sarnap's shoulders, the full scope of the situation dawning on him. The full scope of the situation. Except there was no situation. He was just... tipsy. He was just half asleep. They were just stupid and tired and cold and uncomfortable and that was the extent of it.

"Just be quiet and don't ask and go the fuck to sleep," Sarnap practically nuzzled his face into Quackity's shirt as he spoke, pulling him from his thoughts.

Quackity couldn't help but smile as he wrapped his arms around Sarnap. Even if they were just tipsy, just tired, just stupid, he couldn't help but melt into the couch. Sarnap was so, so warm, and his hair smelled so good- despite being drenched in lake water for the better part of a few hours.

Had he ever hugged Sarnap before? Was their first embrace really them cuddling on Dream's couch in the middle of the night? Quackity couldn't find the power in himself to complain about it, let alone remain conscious, and he slowly drifted back to sleep with the reassuring warmth of his friend in his arms.

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The sudden knock on the living room door was accompanied by what seemed like a chorus of birds outside, and paired with the daylight spilling through the sides of the curtains, Quackity was immediately alerted to the time of day. He attempted to sit up, a raging headache suddenly splitting through his temples as he surveyed the room. The exact same as last night, except now, he was alone.

After a moment, more quiet knocking sounded from the door, and Quackity watched as Sarnap carefully entered the room.

"G'morning, sleepyhead." He smiled at Quackity as he walked over to the couch, assorted items in hand. He was fully dressed now, with his hoodie sleeves pulled up to his elbows, and Quackity felt his face grow warm as he noticed that his hair was up in a half ponytail.

"For the hangover," Sapnap winked as he handed a cup of steaming black coffee to Quackity.

"If you need anything just shout, and Dream's making pancakes so be over in 10." He placed a glass of water and a folded up hoodie on the coffee table, before leaving as gently as he'd entered.

Quackity gazed into the swirling coffee clutched between his hands. He felt a warmth in his chest at Sapnap's sudden kindness, and raised the cup to his lips. The bitter liquid almost burned his tongue, but Quackity didn't mind.

As he downed the coffee in a few quick gulps, he looked over to the white hoodie placed neatly in front of him. He set the cup down in order to inspect the hoodie, and as he unfolded it, his eyes grew wide.

He couldn't help but crack a smile as he ran a thumb over the flame design embroidered across the front. Sapnap's favourite. It was Sapnap's favourite hoodie and he was letting Quackity wear it. It felt like a dream.

Quackity glanced to the door, before slipping the hoodie over his head. It was soft, and just a little too big, and as his pulse quickened he couldn't help but bring the collar up to his nose. It smelled clean, but it was clear Sapnap had worn it.

Quackity wrapped an arm around his knees as his hand ran down his face, his cheeks warm already. He wanted to enjoy this for as long as possible; it still felt unreal.

He remembered Sapnap's mention of pancakes, and finally pulled himself up off the couch. He reached for the glass of water and took a refreshing sip, before walking out the door.

His temples still ached as he walked up to the doorway of Dream's kitchen, leaning against the wooden doorframe as he raised the glass of water to his mouth again. He watched Dream set out plates on the table, before his attention turned to Sapnap, who was staring at him with an unrecognisable expression. If not for the warmth of the kitchen, he may have even assumed he was blushing.

Quackity may have discovered the reason for his expression as he looked down, realising he was still wearing just his swim shorts.

"Do uh, do either of you have pants I could borrow?" Sapnap almost shot up at the question, before dashing past Quackity and out of the room. Dream wheezed as Quackity stood, mildly confused.

"Wow, he's a total simp for you," Dream laughed as he spoke, before stepping back to the stove to flip a pancake. Quackity rubbed the back of his neck as he shrugged, trying to brush off the statement despite the pink on his cheeks.

"I'm not kidding though, Sapnap talks about you like, all the time," Dream continued, and Quackity felt his heart jump into his throat. He desperately wanted to ask Dream to continue, to tell him more, to fuel the butterflies taking residence in his stomach. Instead he simply stared at the sizzling pan, mouth barely inching open.

"Yeah," Dream turned to him, still laughing slightly, "I wouldn't be surprised if he's in love with you or something."



## Chapter End Notes

as always, thank you all so much for the support on this fic, it means the whole world and more to me! 5,000 hits feels fucking insane and writing this has been so much fun :]

thank you all for reading and also putting up with my ramblings in the authors notes every single chapter, kudos and comments are so very appreciated <3

## slow burn amirite

### Chapter Notes

i'm continuing with the america slander in my notes, actually, because seriously every time i complain about the heat to one of em they're always like "HAH it's 110°F here, you wouldn't be able to handle that" but fellas you don't understand. we're not used to anything above like 15°C. houses in ireland don't have fucking air conditioning. i don't own a fan. i'm out of both ice cream and juice. i write these fics in a fuckin starfish pose on my bed with a wet towel on my forehead because otherwise i would Die. ya boy is dripping sweat at all times. i've eaten more whole ice cubes this week than actual food i think

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Quackity's head tipped upwards as he took in the vastness of the afternoon sky, a small stack of fliers advertising the band's next show clutched in his hands. As they stopped in front of another lamp post for George to stick one up, Quackity glanced back down to see Karl staring at him, eyebrows scrunched together.

"I've been meaning to ask, is that Sapnap's hoodie?" Quackity briefly inspected Karl's expression before averting his gaze back to Sapnap and Dream, who laughed as they elbowed each other. Quackity nodded lightly.

"Yeah, he uh, he let me borrow it because I basically had no clothes on." Karl's eyebrows shot up, and Quackity rushed to correct himself. "No, I mean- we kind of went swimming last night and I just. Didn't bring any with me. Very smart, I know." The amused expression that crossed Karl's face sent a familiar warmth spreading across Quackity's cheeks, and they began walking again.

"You two seem like great friends." Karl laughed lightly as he spoke, and Quackity felt a strange pang in his chest.

"Yep," Quackity stared at the floor as he walked, "great friends.."

"Oh, is that what the photo was about?" Quackity squinted. "The one you sent me like, in the middle of the night?" He racked his brain for what Karl was talking about, before the walk home finally came back to him.

"Oh yeah, we were just hanging out and drinking and stuff, and I thought it'd be fun if you were there too," Quackity laughed it off, but the admission made him feel even warmer than before. Despite his eyes being fixed on the ground in front of him, Quackity could tell Karl was smiling.

"I swear," Karl giggled, "it's like you think about me all the time or something."

Quackity's eyes widened as his heart leaped into his throat. Shit. Was he that obvious? Was Karl catching on? Quackiy already had enough on his plate with whatever the hell was between him and Sapnap, he wasn't ready for-

A gentle hand on his shoulder pulled Quackity out of his thoughts.

"You okay?"

"Oh, yeah, obviously, I just- I, uh," Quackity knew there was no getting out of this one. Maybe it was finally time to admit his feelings; sooner rather than later, right? "Yeah okay to be honest I thought you were *really* cool when we first met, and-"

His gaze was ripped away from the corners of Karl's lips slowly turning upwards by none other than Sapnap, who stepped in between the two and draped his arms over their shoulders.

"Heyyy, guys," he spoke through gritted teeth, "what's up?" Karl's cheeks seemed to immediately turn pink, while Quackity's eyebrows scrunched together.

"What the hell happened?" Quackity asked as he stared at Sapnap, who cleared his throat before tilting his head forward. Quackity looked over to their bandmates, only to see George's hands snaking their way around Dream's waist. Whatever the hell they were talking about clearly wasn't PG based on their rosy cheeks and hushed tone.

"Okayyy," Quackity drew out the word as he quickly averted his gaze, "who's up for lunch? I'm starving."

"I think it would be closer to dinner," Karl attempted to restrain a laugh as he checked his phone screen.

"Either way we should get something to eat before we have to watch those two eat each other," Sapnap spoke as he directed the three of them across the street. Quackity and Karl burst out laughing, and Sapnap removed his arms from where they were still wrapped around their shoulders.

"This isn't even third wheeling anymore, this is just-" Karl struggled to finish the thought through his laughter as the three continued walking, shoulders bumping against each other.

"Voyeurism?" Sapnap attempted, before all three of them broke into another fit of laughter.

Their shadows grew long on the pavement in front of them, and Quackity had almost completely forgotten about the dozen or so fliers he still clutched in his hand when they walked up to the Domino's.

"So, who's paying?" Sapnap asked as they gazed in through the window.

"I just assumed we'd split it?" Karl giggled, "Wow, I'd hate to go on a date with you." Sapnap clutched at his chest, his mouth falling open in feigned offense. An idea crossed Quackity's mind, and he was tired enough to act on it without thinking.

"It's okay," Quackity linked his arm with Sapnap's, "I'd still go on a date with you." Sapnap appeared triumphant as Quackity watched Karl's expression morph into something he couldn't quite recognize, before he shook his head.

"Alright, loverboys," Karl smiled as he set his hand down on Quackity's shoulder, "are we going in or what?"

---

Quackity carefully lifted the top of the cardboard container as Sapnap and Karl peered over his shoulders. The smell of hot pizza immediately hit their nostrils, and Quackity let out a content sigh. Dream and George were nowhere to be found, so the three of them made their way to the base of an old tree, sitting down on the grass, with the pizza box on Quackity's lap.

They spared no time before digging in, appreciating the evening air and gently swaying leaves above them. Quackity struggled to keep his eyes off of Karl and Sapnap as they both sat in front of him, arms almost flush against each other as they ate in comfortable silence. With Karl's knee pressed against his, and Sapnap's foot next to his thigh, Quackity just couldn't stop his eyes from flicking between their faces, flushed and tired and happy.

"God," Sapnap spoke between mouthfuls of crust, shaking his head, "we need to hang out more. Like, just the three of us, without those nimrods." Karl raised his hand to his mouth as he suppressed a giggle.

"Yeah, next time George and Dream better be the ones third wheeling us," Karl laughed, before reaching for another slice.

It was nice. Comfortable, even. Quackity could barely believe that they'd really only met each other recently with how *right* everything felt, how content he was just being in their presence.

Maybe he didn't need to admit his feelings. Maybe this was okay. This was enough.

## Chapter End Notes

so sorry for the shorter chapter, but i've been Dying lately and i've also been working on another fic that is far more angsty and canon compliant lmao (might start posting it soon, who knows, who knows)

btw we're halfway there y'all!! 12 chapters in about a month!! i really did not expect to make it this far lmao, thank you all so much for everything <3

every mf that leaves kudos or comments on any of my fics gets a lil smooch on they forehead from me, personally, and that's both a threat and a promise /j

this fic really is just me craving pizza and a boyfriend or two to eat it with huh

# choccy milk

## Chapter Notes

i probably could've mushed this chapter in with the last one but i'm Stupid and also this is my first time writing a fic with more than a couple thousand words so y'all just gotta deal with this bullshit ig, my apologies  
also istg when i finish this fic i'm gonna count up every time these motherfuckers laugh and giggle n shit. like don't get me wrong, they deserve all the happiness in the world, but i just cannot stop writing them goofy boys huh

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Their laughter echoed down the near empty street as Quackity, Karl, and Sapnap walked side by side along the familiar road. The sun dwindled over the horizon behind them, and their distorted shadows merged together as their tired shoulders bumped against each other with almost every step. They each held near-melted milkshakes, and once he calmed down from his laughing fit, Quackity raised the straw of his own to his mouth, taking a quick sip of the chocolatey beverage.

"Hey," Sapnap spoke through a giggle, "can I get a taste?" He was eyeing the milkshake, and Quackity couldn't help but hold it out for him, reaching across Karl as they continued to walk. Sapnap leaned past Karl, closing his eyes as his lips wrapped around the straw. Quackity briefly looked away, his ears growing warm.

"Hm," Sapnap squinted as he leaned back, "strawberry's honestly better." Quackity raised his eyebrows as he watched Sapnap return to sipping his own milkshake, a cheeky smirk plastered across his face.

"Oh yeah?" It sounded like a challenge. "Let me try it, then." So Quackity took it as one.

Sapnap gave a cartoonish shrug as he held his milkshake out towards Quackity, who grabbed the straw to take a sip. He furrowed his eyebrows at Sapnap as he drank, before letting go of the straw and returning his gaze to the road ahead of them. Karl, who was still in the middle of all this, almost affectionately rolled his eyes as Sapnap snickered.

"Hmm, I dunno," Sapnap's mouth fell open in feigned offense as Quackity spoke, "I think I prefer my own."

Karl sighed as he pulled his own vanilla milkshake from his lips, glancing between the two grinning faces either side of him.

"Clearly," Karl began to speak in an exaggerated tone, "I am the only neutral party here," Quackity and Sapnap giggled, "gimme your shakes."

They both immediately complied, holding out their cups towards Karl. He took hold of both, taking a thoughtful sip of each. His hand rested on top of Quackity's as he drank, and he couldn't resist staring at Karl's pink lips until he pulled away.

"Both," Karl nodded, "both are good."

The smile creeping its way onto Quackity's face was almost immediately extinguished as he noticed they'd stopped walking, and were now stood in front of Karl's driveway.

"So," Karl drew out the word as he glanced to his house.

"This is it, huh?" Sarnap looked up at the house, absentmindedly stirring the remainder of his milkshake.

"I guess so," Quackity nodded almost solemnly as he spoke.

They all stood in silence for a moment, eyes shifting as they weren't sure how to say goodbye or who should make their leave first.

Karl exhaled sharply through his nose as he finished his milkshake, before speaking up, "None of us want to go home, huh?" They all broke into quiet giggles as Sarnap rubbed the back of his neck.

"Nope. I dunno, you guys are just..." Sarnap thought for a moment. "Fun. To be around."

Quackity nodded as he took a last sip of his milkshake, studying his shoes. "I don't really wanna leave either," He mumbled, before they all fell quiet again.

Until Karl's head shot up, and his eyes clearly lit up with a sudden idea.

"I can make some killer hot coco."

The three laughed as they walked towards the front door, Karl opening it for them with a dramatic bow. The late evening light threw glowing yellow shapes across the wall, a mural of the dusk's warmth plastered across the otherwise near dark hallway. His kitchen was a little brighter, and Karl didn't even bother with the lightswitch as they wandered in, throwing their empty shakes in the bin.

As Karl grabbed a carton of milk from the fridge, Quackity hopped onto the counter, resting his head on his hand. He watched Karl study the contents of a cabinet as Sarnap walked over too, taking a seat on the floor beside Quackity. Karl looked over, his eyebrows furrowed as he laughed briefly.

"Guys, there are perfectly good chairs over there," he pointed to the kitchen table with his thumb as he pulled out a spoon from a drawer, and Quackity shook his head.

"Nah," Sarnap copied the movement as he spoke, "this is fine."

If Quackity wasn't tired, and wasn't overwhelmed by how near magical the kitchen looked, lit by nothing but the sunset and the whirring microwave, he would've described the look on Karl's face as affectionate. Tender, even.

It was then that he realised just how unbelievably soft the moment actually was. Quackity was sat in Karl's kitchen, admiring his focused face as he stirred the three freshly steaming cups of hot chocolate in front of him, with Sarnap cross-legged below Quackity, dark hair brushing against his leg. The hazy evening light cast everything in gold, and Quackity tried his best to memorize every detail of what was in front of him.

Karl placed the spoon in the sink, before picking up two of the cups and handing them to Quackity and Sarnap. Karl's fingers brushed Quackity's as he took hold of the plain yellow mug, but Quackity was almost too focused on how perfectly Karl's eyes caught the dwindling sunlight to notice.

Karl grabbed his own mug, walking over to lean against the kitchen table in front of Quackity and Sapnap. They each took careful sips, and Quackity almost immediately melted. It was perfect. Perfect and sweet and warm. Just like Sapnap. Just like Karl.

"Damn." Sapnap fully leaned his head against Quackity's leg as broke the silence. "This really is some bomb-ass hot chocolate." The three of them laughed quietly as they continued to drink.

It didn't pass Quackity's notice that Karl was casually staring at Sapnap, who himself was too busy studying the contents of his cup. His half-lidded eyes and gently tilted head might have led Quackity to some conclusions, especially with his own matching gaze, until Karl looked up.

They made direct eye contact for a moment, and Quackity gave him a knowing smile, before also looking down to the fluffy head of hair beside him.

Feelings are hard. And Karl's kitchen was warm. And the hot chocolate held ever so gently between Quackity's hands was even sweeter than the head still pressed against his leg.

## Chapter End Notes

i'm SOFT and GAY,,

folks that leave kudos and comments on my fics are basically my livelihood, y'all give me the serotonin i need to keep going lol, so thank you <3

y'all also fill me with enough hubris to shout at asshole catcalling cishet lads to suck my dick apparently so thanks for that lmao

# what is this, Heat Waves???

## Chapter Notes

yoo it's like 2am here but it's technically the 29th, so happy L'Manburg day y'all, o7 also i know it's been a couple days but ranboo the beloved,,, his first mcc,, and he absolutely popped off,,, i feel like a proud dad, i've been watching him for so long and i never thought he'd actually get in, let alone have more viewers than both dream *and* tommy. congrats to red rabbits though, they absolutely deserved the win <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Quackity studied the shapes of the ever changing fluffy clouds that hung in the sky above him as he calmly made his way along the pavement. So far, the summer had brought nothing but perfect weather; not too hot, but warm enough to make Quackity appreciate the cool breeze that now blew past him. He was still a little tired after staying at Karl's place fairly late the night before, but George had asked if he wanted to hang out with him and Dream for 'band stuff', and he wasn't one to decline such a request. Besides, with their next gig soon, it was a good time to get some practice in.

Quackity's train of thought was suddenly and rudely interrupted by his phone, which briefly vibrated in his back pocket. He pulled it out, turning it on and inspecting the screen. He'd recieved a message from Karl, and he rushed to open it as he continued walking, now at a slower pace.

What he wasn't expecting to see, was a photo. Just a single photo, and it was enough to send the ever familiar butterflies rioting in Quackity's stomach. He stopped in his tracks as he took a moment to process what he was looking at. It was a selfie that Karl took, with him sitting on a couch and smiling at the camera, freckled cheeks dusted pink. Sapnap's head rested comfortably on his shoulder, dark strands of hair falling over his closed eyes as drool pooled at the corner of his mouth.

Quackity's eyes rapidly flicked around the image, lingering on their faces, subconsciously attempting to memorize every tiny detail, before he received another message. This time, a text.

"We miss u <3"

He read over the words. Then read them again. Then again. And again. His eyes bore into the screen as his mind raced between conclusions, grasping, attempting to decipher the meaning behind the message, if there even *was* a deeper meaning-

Quackity closed his eyes. He took a deep breath in. He quickly screenshotted the message with the photo, and put his phone back into his pocket. He still needed to get to Dream's house.

He stared at the pavement in front of him as he continued walking, chewing on his lip. Maybe it was just... Karl being an affectionate person, as he usually was, and it carried over into texts. He was always pretty touchy with him and Sapnap, after all.

Quackity glanced up, spotting Dream's familiar driveway. Karl might have just said that because they all had a great time the night before. It wasn't a big deal. It's not a big deal to tell someone you miss them.



Quackity walked up to the front door, knocking. He was still caught up on the heart, though.

"Come in, the door isn't locked." Quackity heard a faint voice from inside and turned the handle, finding the door to indeed be unlocked. He really needed to stop assuming the worst. Or in this case, the best. Totally platonic friends can put hearts at the end of their texts too.

Quackity made his way inside, and followed the sound of drum beats to the door that lead into the garage. He didn't want to think about the picture. He feared he would combust into flames if he thought about it too much, and end up a blubbering, blushing pile of ashes and sparks on Dream's poor hardwood floor.

Quackity nodded at Dream, who nodded back from where he sat behind his drums, chatting with George. He walked over to a beanbag that they had previously moved out of the living room, and took a seat, watching George meticulously tune his guitar for a moment. He just had to not think about the photo for the next few hours. Or the text. Easy.

"...and- oh wait, it's gonna be Karl's first show, right?" Dream was still talking as Quackity pulled out a notebook, trying his absolute hardest to make his brain shut up. He attempted to scribble down some new lyrics as he tuned in and out of the conversation.

"...he's been great so far though, so I'm sure it'll be fine," George kept his eyes on his guitar as he spoke, plucking a few strings before fussing over the tuning again.

Quackity instinctively pulled out his phone with the intention to mindlessly scroll for a moment, only to open it and immediately be faced with the screenshot. Karl's stupid pretty smile and Sapnap's stupid soft hair. He allowed himself a moment to stare at it as he scratched the back of his neck.

"...and remember when- Quackity? Hey, Quackity? You okay?" Quackity swallowed, realising George was talking to him.

"How the hell am I supposed to respond to this?" He wasn't sure if he had meant to say it out loud, but he definitely did, and the room fell quiet. Quackity glanced up at his friends' confused faces and sighed, before holding out his phone, leg bouncing slightly.

"Karl uh.. Karl sent me this, earlier, and I um.. I just.." He briefly lifted his gaze from where it was settled on the floor to look up at George and Dream again, who still appeared just as confused as before. He inhaled sharply, the hand holding his phone falling to his lap while the other rose to his face, obscuring his eyes from his friends' view.

"Basically, I think uh..." Quackity struggled to muster up the courage to say it. "I think that, I..." Was he really about to just spit it out? Finally admit, out loud, what he was feeling? "I like.. both of them..." He didn't want to look up. "Like, *like* both of them," He *refused* to look up. "and I think they might know."

Quackity's heart took immediate residence in his throat as he waited for them to say something, anything, leg still bouncing as he took a moment to stare at his lap, where the photo was still open on his phone.

"Holy shit dude." Dream was the first to speak. So very eloquent.

"Yeah. I mean, you were never all that discreet about it in the first place, but, thanks for telling us." Quackity finally glanced up to shoot a quick glare towards George, who was smiling slightly. There was a pause as Quackity rested his chin on his hand, looking back at the photo.

"So like, what are you gonna do about it?" Dream finally asked, eliciting a sigh from Quackity.

"I.. have no clue if either of them like me back." He finally turned off his phone, putting it aside to return to scribbling on the page still in front of him.

"They might though, you never know," George's head tilted to the side, compassion audible in his voice. Quackity couldn't help but sink into his seat a little.

"Come on, don't get my hopes up." He mumbled, dragging the tip of his pen across the surface of the lined paper. There was another beat of silence.

"Well hey, look at it this way," George began, running his fingers along his guitar strap, "At least this time around you're sulking about two possible new boyfriends rather than an ex boyfriend." Quackity froze, looking up at him at a loss for words, mouth slightly open as his cheeks grew warm. Boyfriends. *Boyfriends*.

George's face was plastered with a shit eating grin, while Dream looked like he didn't know if he should find the statement endearing or if he should burst into a fit of laughter.

They quickly returned to the usual banter and casual conversation afterwards; not ignoring the topic, but allowing Quackity a moment to process things.

As George and Dream spoke, Quackity inspected the contents of the open notebook still laying in his lap; a string of scribbled lyrics long forgotten and now surrounded by doodles. The writing had at least started legible, with deep red ink reading, "Can't count the years on one hand that we've been together, I need the other one to hold you, make you feel better, it's not a walk in the park to love each other, but when our fingers interlock, can't deny you're worth it," but it gradually devolved into incomprehensible scribbles and random words, lines turning into squiggles and swirls as he attempted to distract himself.

Maybe he was onto something with the lyrics though.

Or maybe he needed to stop filling the margins with doodled lovehearts.

## Chapter End Notes

i keep having to stop myself from aggressively projecting onto every character i write and accidentally making them neurodivergent it's becoming a problem smh /lh  
oh btw i have started posting the angst fic!!! it's gonna be happy by the end i promise, but i wanted to write some more canon compliant karlnapity stuff too so, it'd be cool if y'all checked it out! (i really have a habit of using titles begining with 'S' huh)  
all the love this fic has received so far has seriously been so so cool to see, y'all are awesome, thank you so much for all the support! :]

# hhhhhhands

## Chapter Notes

*we're getting into the good stuff now*

also cw for a brief mention of cigarettes in this chapter! c!schlatt, yk how it is right. so. this fic has been at a little over 8000 hits for a bit now, but that number is still fucking insane to me. what the fuck. what the fuck. there's so many of you. where did y'all come from. i was just trying to distract myself from the concept of college applications and suddenly people are enjoying my brain farts. what /pos  
OH ALSO HAPPY L'MANBURG INDEPENDENCE DAY

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Quackity let out a defeated sigh as he turned over onto his back, staring, exasperated, at his darkened ceiling. Usually after returning home from hanging out with his friends, he'd be exhausted enough to fall asleep immediately, but this night was different. This time, he couldn't stop thinking about Karl. And Sapnap. And the message.

Quackity released a smaller sigh as he slowly sat up, looking to the side of his bed. He'd probably been tossing and turning for hours at that point. Surely, there wouldn't be any harm in...

He gently pulled the drawer of his bedside table open, pulse quickening the slightest amount. He dug around for a moment, before pulling out a crinkled box of cigarettes. He opened it, and gazed into the contents; still about half full. The smell hit him immediately, and he wondered where the nearest lighter was.

Quackity suddenly shook his head, lightly facepalming as he closed the box and returned it to the depths of the drawer. He was better than this. He *knew* he was.

He hated how it always reminded him of Schlatt. Even as, over time, the smell of smoke grew from the most comforting thing he could think of, to the easiest way to make himself nauseous, it would still always cause Quackity's mind to circle back to *him*. A cigarette pressed between his lips, half lidded eyes slowly looking him up and down.

Quackity ran a worried hand through his hair as he swallowed, picking up his phone. He didn't want to think about that anymore.

The first thing his eyes focused on when they adjusted to the brightness of the screen was the exact same image he'd stared at before setting his phone down hours before. The screenshot. The one he just could not stop looking at.

He was tired, and running out of ways to help himself fall asleep. He was getting sick of the butterflies waging war in his stomach for weeks on end. Maybe it was time. Maybe he was finally ready.

Sapnap was probably asleep, but Quackity noticed that Karl was still online. He briefly stared at his icon, before beginning to type.

"Meet me by the lake in 15"

It didn't take long for the message to show up as read before Quackity threw his legs over the side of his bed, quickly standing up. He wriggled into a pair of jeans and slipped his shoes on, making his way towards the window.

He was shaky on his feet as he clambered out, beginning to walk in the now familiar direction. He could hear his own heartbeat as he swiftly made his way down the darkened street, eyes flicking around anxiously. Aside from his racing heart, the only other sound disturbing the otherwise peaceful night was the cool breeze, gently shaking tree branches and wind chimes. Even the crickets were silent.

He'd finally built up the courage to talk to Karl, but what the hell was he even going to say? Would he just freeze up and avoid the subject, or wear his heart on his sleeve, immediately laying out his feelings? If so, what if Karl didn't feel the same way? What if he was about to ruin one of the best friendships he'd ever had?

Quackity's mind was so occupied with the different possibilities, he barely even noticed how quickly he had approached the dense scattering of trees that bordered the clearing. He weaved between the foliage as the lake finally came into view, moonlight shimmering off the barely noticeable waves.

The planks creaked slightly beneath his feet as he slowly walked along the dock, sitting down about halfway along it. His legs dangled off the edge, the tips of his shoes almost reaching the dark water. The familiarity of it all provided a strange sense of comfort, and Quackity took a deep breath in as he prepared himself, eyes set on the water, heart still racing.

It didn't take long until his ears perked up to the sound of footsteps at the base of the dock, the light creaks growing closer and closer. His heart skipped a beat as someone stopped and stood beside him, clearing their throat.

"You worried me there Quackity, what's wrong? Are you okay?" Karl spoke lightly as he sat down beside him, and even through the corner of his eye, Quackity could see how anxious he looked.

Quackity nodded as he chewed his lip, maintaining his gaze on the body of water in front of him. They were sitting so close that he could practically smell Karl; comforting and warm. Just the sound of his voice seemed to calm Quackity down, but at the same time Karl's presence was enough to tie his stomach into knots.

"What was that text about?" This was it. This was finally it. There was no turning back, and Quackity couldn't separate his terror from his anticipation as he awaited Karl's reply.

"...What?"

Quackity slowly sighed, briefly closing his eyes. He pulled his phone out of his pocket and turned it on, scrolling to find the screenshot. He held it in his lap, still not looking at Karl.

"Listen, I... I can't even begin to explain how you've plagued my mind lately." He heard Karl's breath hitch in his throat. "The fucking picture and the text and you and Sapnap- I- you're all I've been able to think about," If he was confessing his feelings he might as well go all out.

Quackity finally, *finally* glanced over to Karl, who still looked confused, eyebrows scrunched together as his eyes flicked between Quackity's face and the screen. Quackity took a sharp breath in as he returned his phone to his pocket, before shoving his face in his hands, elbows now resting on his thighs. The heels of his palms pressed into his eyes as he continued to speak.

"I... I think both of you are fucking adorable, and I care about you so much, and I just- it's like I'm constantly yearning to be closer to you, a-and Sapnap, and it's-" Quackity was interrupted by a hand carefully settling on his shoulder.

"Hey, you're shaking really bad, are you okay?" Quackity lifted his head to briefly stare at Karl.

"I- Wh- Obviously I'm gonna be shaking, I'm fucking sitting here, confessing my feelings, and-and-" This time, Quackity interrupted himself. He noticed that, not only was he shaking, but his bare arms were completely covered in goosebumps. Evidently, the breeze had picked up, and it was blowing completely through him.

"Guess I should've brought a jacket or something, huh," Quackity laughed dryly as he spoke, wrapping his arms around himself as he returned to staring at the water.

There was a brief silence between them before Karl slowly raised his hands to grab the neck of his hoodie, and pulled it over his head. Quackity looked over to see Karl holding it out towards him, an unreadable expression on his face.

Quackity's mind almost immediately jumped to when Sapnap had done the same. Different times, different places, completely different conversations, the same kind gesture. A hoodie, loved and worn and ridden with memories.

Quackity reached over to gently hold it, inspecting the spiral design on the front. He glanced up at Karl, before carefully slipping it on, immediately feeling warmer. He pulled on the drawstrings so the hood partially obscured his vision; at this point, he was far too flustered to look Karl in the eye.

He pulled his legs up to his chest to hug them, and rested his forehead on his knees. The hoodie was so, so warm, and so much softer than he had expected. It smelled like Karl, and Monster, and nail polish remover, and cheap scented candles.

Quackity stopped shaking.

He finally lifted his head, looking out over the water. He moved one hand from where it was clutching his leg to rest between him and Karl, fingers briefly picking at the old wood as he contemplated what to say next, or if there even was anything more left to say. His breath hitched in his throat as Karl gently laid his hand on top of Quackity's, warm and reassuring. They made brief eye contact before Karl averted his gaze, and began to speak.

"I think I, um... I like you too. And- And Sapnap as well." He paused. "I just.. don't know how to handle something like this yet."

Quackity nodded, finally basking in the blissful relief flowing through him. His limbs felt like jelly as he slowly wrapped his head around the situation. Karl liked him back. *Karl liked him back.*

Quackity sniffed. Tears had begun to pool in the corners of his eyes, threatening to spill over, and he barely even noticed. Karl, however, clearly did, and as a tear began to roll down Quackity's cheek, Karl pulled him in for a hug.

Karl whispered small reassurances as his arms wrapped comfortingly around Quackity's shoulders, and he took a moment to process what was happening before carefully wrapping his own around Karl's waist. Quackity knew he was staining Karl's shirt with tears as his breathing grew more and more shaky, but Karl didn't seem to mind.

They stayed like that for a while, holding each other in silence, except for the occasional sniffle. Quackity was vulnerable, and tired, and so fucking relieved; he deserved a good cry.

As he finally pulled away, Quackity looked up at Karl's face. He'd clearly been crying too. They briefly smiled at each other, before Karl began to speak.

"Come on, let's get you home."

Karl was still smiling as he stood up, before reaching out a hand to help Quackity onto his feet. He gladly took it, and even once he was fully upright, Karl didn't let go.

They walked back along the dock, interlocked hands swinging slightly between them. Relief and exhaustion almost radiated off of them as they made their way back to the street in comfortable silence, not wanting to say anything. Not *needing* to say anything.

Another silent walk with Karl in the middle of the night. They may be closer now, but Quackity still felt a familiar awkward warmth in his chest as they walked side by side, appreciating the late night air and each other's company.

Karl was still holding Quackity's hand when they finally stopped in front of his driveway. They stood still for a moment, eyes flicking between the darkened house and each other. Karl released a breath, laughing slightly.

"I swear," Karl lightly shook his head, "How many times has this happened now?" Quackity smiled as he gazed into Karl's eyes.

"At least this time around I'm not bleeding after embarrassing myself in front of a cute boy." This time, he also had the courage to take hold of Karl's other hand.

They looked at each other for a moment, smiling, before Karl quickly pulled him into an embrace. Quackity immediately buried his face in the nape of Karl's neck, clutching onto his back. He didn't want to let go.

Right before Karl pulled away, Quackity felt him plant the briefest peck on his cheek. His ears grew warm as Karl smiled at him one last time, before letting go, and walking away.

Quackity felt a tinge of disappointment at the sudden cold, and he stood and watched as Karl walked away. He finally released a long yawn, and began to make his way back to the window.

He spared no time in kicking off his shoes, before falling into bed and curling up, finally, *finally* tired. He still had the hood of Karl's hoodie up, but he didn't mind. He was comfortable and warm and absolutely fucking exhausted. A slight smile made it's way across his face as he replayed the conversation in his mind, and he pulled the sleeves of the hoodie over his hands.

He fell asleep easily after that.

## Chapter End Notes

listen, guys,,, lads,,, fellas,, please,,, i just think hand holding is neat,, and i'm gay for the sharing clothes trope,,, let me be,,  
btw, pssst, hey, the more kudos and comments you leave on fics, the clearer your skin will be. it's true, i'm a scientist. your crops will prosper. a cat will rub against your leg when you walk down the street. you'll finally nail an ollie. no pressure or anything tho  
/lh /j /j

~~i put so much effort into the new angst fic please i crave validation y'all~~

# I have a caffeine addiction so every character I write has one too

## Chapter Notes

yk, once upon a time i told myself that if i get like 10,000 hits i will cosplay skater boy karl. like as a joke. but bro. this doesn't feel like a joke anymore. i've definitely said this before but *where the hell did all of you fucks come from???* /pos  
~~anyway dream and sarnap dogboys supremacy~~

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Quackity squinted beneath the afternoon sun as he swiftly made his way along Dream's driveway. He eyed the front door as he approached, already able to hear the commotion inside. Before his knuckles could even come into contact with the wooden surface, the door swung open, and Quackity was met with the excited faces of Dream and Sarnap.

"Hi Quackity!" Sarnap beamed at him as he practically vibrated on the spot, holding the door open.

"Hey guys-" Quackity struggled to blurt out a greeting through his giggles as he entered, his attention flipping rapidly between Sarnap and Dream, who immediately began raving about the show that was scheduled for tomorrow.

They continued bouncing around him like golden retrievers as Quackity closed the front door and made his way to the sunny living room. Leaning in through the doorframe, he spotted George sprawled across the couch, scrolling through his phone with a grin on his face.

"They finally got the coffee machine to work," George spoke over the two still rambling boys, and Quackity rolled his eyes as he broke into a smile.

"That fucking explains it," Quackity laughed at the two as they weaved past him and into the living room, hopping onto the couch.

He briefly grinned at their antics, before stepping back from the doorway and swiftly making his way down the hall. As he opened the kitchen door, he immediately spotted Karl leaning against the counter, typing something into his phone. They quickly exchanged hellos, and Quackity walked up to the coffee machine, turning it on as he grabbed a mug from the now familiar cabinet.

There was a beat of silence before Quackity cleared his throat, slightly turning towards Karl as the machine worked its magic.

"You, uh... never did explain the photo to me." Karl looked at him for a moment, confused.

"Hm? Oh," Karl laughed briefly, "yeah, Sarnap and I were just playing some video games at mine and he kind of uh, fell asleep," Karl explained sheepishly as the two stared at the now almost full cup of coffee.

Quackity shot Karl a look. He knew there was something more that Karl wasn't sharing, but as he watched Karl's expression fall, he decided not to pry.

"Look," Karl sighed, "I told you," He studied the tiled floor as he spoke, "I, I like both of you as



well, but... I still have no clue how he feels." They stood in silence for a moment as Quackity watched Karl chew his lip.

"That's what we get for falling for a himbo I guess," Quackity shrugged, picking up his coffee, and he watched Karl almost choke as he burst into a fit of laughter. Quackity couldn't help but begin to giggle along as he studied Karl's rosy cheeks, his chest growing warm as Karl continued to laugh.

"Hey guys, what's so funny?" Both of their heads turned to the source of the new voice only to see Sapnap, closing the kitchen door behind him as his gaze flicked between the two.

"Nothing, it's nothing," Karl managed through the last of his giggles, wiping a tear from the corner of his eye. As Sapnap walked over to them, Quackity suddenly perked up, sliding his backpack off his shoulder.

"Oh, almost forgot," Quackity began to rummage through the contents, catching the interest of both Sapnap and Karl. He sighed, pulling out two hoodies.

"I promise, it's not what it looks like, okay?" He handed them their respective hoodies, and they each gave him a look; Karl one of vaguely pleased intrigue, while Sapnap just waggled his eyebrows.

"You sure about that?" Sapnap smirked at Quackity, who rolled his eyes as he zipped the bag closed.

"Listen, Karl just gave me the hoodie because I was cold," Quackity glanced from Sapnap to Karl as he continued to speak, "and Sapnap gave me clothes because I slept over like," He gestured vaguely, "half naked." Quackity finished with a dismissive wiggle of his head, and he watched as Karl's eyebrows practically shot up his forehead.

"Damn, half naked in Sapnap's bed? God, I wish that were me," Karl smiled as he spoke, his cheeks growing pink.

Quackity gawked at him in brief awe, before turning to Sapnap, who appeared totally flustered for a moment as his mouth struggled to form words. He began to giggle slightly as he looked Karl up and down, crossing his arms.

"Oh yeah? Then come over this weekend, we'll see what happens." As Sapnap spoke, Quackity couldn't help but let out a nervous laugh at the absurdity of the whole situation. He also couldn't just stand there and let his crushes flirt without him.

"Wow, without me guys?" Quackity feigned being upset as he raised a hand to his chest, sniffing and looking away. He heard Karl snicker as he took a step closer, wrapping an arm around him and briefly patting his shoulder.

"Aww, you know we'd never leave you out," Karl playfully reassured Quackity, who immediately felt his cheeks grow warm. He struggled to repress a giggle as he watched Sapnap step closer as well, raising a hand to briefly squish Quackity's cheek.

"Yeah babe, you're always invited."

The three of them pulled apart, looking away as they all began giggling. He knew it was a joke. It was definitely, absolutely just a joke. But the ever familiar butterflies in Quackity's gut just refused to leave him alone, especially as he watched the faces of his friends grow just as red as his.

They *needed* to talk. They couldn't just keep beating around the bush and hope everything would

sort itself out. Quackity couldn't keep ignoring the electricity that shot up his spine at the slightest touch from either of them. He couldn't keep ignoring how desperately he wanted to be closer to them, how he immediately missed their presence almost every time he returned home. He couldn't keep ignoring his feelings.

Him and Karl *needed* to talk to Sapnap, before Quackity fucking combusted.

## Chapter End Notes

hhhhh my apologies for the short chapter, but i promise the next one will make up for it!!

one of the many clips that lives in my head rent free is the fuckin. the one. where quackity's like "te quiero mucho!" and sapnap's just. "um, yeah :D" idk man i just find it so damn funny

hey, hey readers, expecially folks that leave kudos, you're all lovely and beautiful and i am ~~parasocially~~ platonically in love with every single one of you. y'all fill me with enough hubris to kill god. mwah <3

## never take smoke breaks

### Chapter Notes

10,000 hits,, there it is,, this is actually fucking wild to me istg if i wasn't an emotionally stunted bitch i'd be in tears right now. here's a long cheesy chapter for y'all <3  
oh btw uh big ol content warning for cigarettes and smoking!! (basically just in the second half of the chapter)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Quackity briefly paused adjusting his microphone stand to appreciate the evening sky; the pink horizon like a painting hung above the slowly darkening grass of the park. After a moment he glanced behind him, looking between his bandmates, all buzzing with excitement around the bandstand as they finished up setting up for the show ahead.

Quackity's attention was suddenly brought to Karl, who was sat, cross legged on the ground, attaching a different guitar strap to his bass. The coloured material was a contrast to the plain black one he had before, and as Quackity looked closer, he realised the stripes of colour were in the order of a rainbow.

"Hey, I like the new strap," Quackity smiled as he nodded at Karl, who looked up at him with a proud grin on his face.

"Yeah, it's pretty cute," The two looked over to Sapnap, chiming in from where he was adjusting the lights.

"Not as cute as you," Karl's grin only grew wider and more mischievous as he spoke, and Quackity watched Sapnap's cheeks turn a striking shade of pink.

He almost couldn't keep his eyes off of them; all blushy and grinning in the evening light, sparing glances at each other when they believed the other to not be looking. Quackity couldn't get enough of how cute they were sometimes.

He glanced up, only to be met with a confused look from Dream. Quackity cracked a smile as he shrugged. Those two can probably figure it out themselves.

He finally turned back around, looking out at the slowly gathering people either sat or stood about the grass. As he picked up a water bottle to take a quick sip, he scanned the almost-crowd in search of any familiar faces.

And it was definitely a familiar face that he saw.

Quackity's heart skipped a beat as recognition washed over him, and he eyed the figure, stood beneath a tree not too far in front of the bandstand. The dark hair, smug expression, and glowing tip of a lit cigarette between his fingers was almost unmistakable.

Quackity felt his stomach churn as he watched Schlatt blow out a thin line of smoke. At least he wasn't looking directly at him, instead appearing pretty interested in a conversation between the

people stood next to him.

Quackity's discomfort must have been pretty visible as he barely noticed Sapnap walk up to him and place a careful hand on his shoulder, eyebrows scrunching together.

"Hey, what's wrong?" He spoke in a soft yet worried tone. Quackity exhaled as Sapnap looked out, attempting to figure out what Quackity was staring at that put him in so much distress.

"Is..." Sapnap squinted, "is that the fucking asshole again?" His voice rose slightly, and his hand slipped away from Quackity's shoulder as he took a step forward.

Quackity didn't want to cause a scene. As much as he resented Schlatt, he cared about Sapnap too much. Besides, they still had a show to start.

"Don't." The word was barely audible as it left Quackity's mouth, and he grabbed onto Sapnap's arm to stop him from walking off.

Sapnap glanced back at him with a sudden gentleness in his expression, but before either of them could say anything, Karl joined them in looking out across the grass, visibly concerned.

"What's going on?" His voice was soft as he clutched his bass, and Quackity had to stop himself from getting lost in Karl's caring eyes.

"Nothing, it's fine, it's just my shitty ex, come on just leave him alone," Quackity mumbled as he returned his focus to the mic stand. He really didn't want anyone else to get involved in this. He really didn't want trouble.

"I- He- He was an absolute *creep*, dude-" Sapnap would've probably gone on a rant if he wasn't interrupted by Dream, who suddenly popped his head up from where he was with George.

"Hey, can we start?" Quackity immediately turned to Dream, shooting him a grin and a thumbs up.

"Yeah, let's go." Quackity tried to avoid the sympathetic looks from Karl and Sapnap as they walked back, and he stepped up to the microphone, turning it on.

"Hey! Thank you all for being here tonight," He tried avoiding looking at Schlatt, which was easy enough with how many people had shown up, "this is a great turnout, and we're all so excited to be performing here," A smile crept its way into his voice as he spoke, "but all that aside, here's Tongues!"

Quackity cleared his throat as Sapnap started them off, and the rest of the instruments joined in.

"*For if we ain't got the time*," All he had to do was focus on the music. "*I tell you baby, I don't think we're doing fine*," Easy enough. "*We just haven't got a clue*," He'll just have to keep his eyes closed. "*I'll keep my love, I want my blood inside of you*," Easier said than done when he struggles to keep his eyes off the duo beside him on a *good* day.

"*Do you think I'm cute?*" Sapnap's hair falling over his eyes, "*Is it too late to check?*" Karl's hand gliding along the neck of his bass, "*And I don't care you got your tongue against my neck*," It wasn't his fault they were nice to look at. "*Do you like my style?*" Not to mention they were *nice*. "*Have you seen my shoes?*" Like, *actually* kind and caring people. "*Cause they've been ripped to shit from walking the world for you!*" George was right; it was definitely a huge step up from Schlatt.

"*Everybody knows I'm right*," Sapnap was absolutely glaring daggers at Schlatt's spot in the

audience. *"I can't control it, got my eyes on you all night,"* Until he wasn't. *"We just haven't got a clue,"* They locked eyes for a moment, and Quackity couldn't help but break into a grin. *"I'll keep my love, I want my blood inside of you,"* Until Sapnap sheepishly looked away.

*"Do you think I'm cute?"* He was feeling... better. *"Is it too late to check?"* So much better, with his friends by his side. *"And I don't care you got your tongue against my neck,"* He couldn't help but look to Karl. *"Do you like my style?"* To Quackity's surprise, Karl was already looking at *him*. *"Have you seen my shoes?"* Quackity shot him a wink. *"Cause they've been ripped to shit from walking the world for you!"*

---

The last song. Finally, the last fucking song. The show was so much more exhausting than Quackity had expected it to be, especially with the constant paranoia caused by Schlatt's presence. What's worse was that Quackity couldn't even see him anymore. He had no way of knowing if he had well and truly left, or if he was still around, eyeing him from some different spot in the crowd-and boy was it a *crowd*.

*"I never take smoke breaks,"* A cold open. *"I could but I don't,"* He was tired. *"I could but I don't 'cause I know,"* And he was spiteful. *"There's a smoker inside of me somewhere,"* Spiteful at Schlatt. *"And I don't wanna let him out,"* The show could've been so much better if Quackity wasn't so focused on him. *"So I catch myself glancing, from the backseat,"* At least it was almost over now. *"On the trip home to Plymouth from Lansing, at the pack you keep in the cupholder,"* Almost.

*"Bought some Marlboro Reds for my eighteenth birthday,"* The drums kicked in. *"And I smoked a couple, only a couple, and gave the rest away,"* The guitars, the bass, *"Cause I don't wanna think that it's already too late,"* He probably wouldn't have lasted this long without the comfort of his bandmates next to him. *"So I never take smoke breaks,"* They didn't sound tired at all; masterfully plucking away at their instruments all night.

*"I know that they'll get me, yeah one day,"* It was funny, actually. *"You'll pull into this parking lot to the sight of me puffing away,"* The only 'performance anxiety' he had was because of Sapnap and Karl. *"Into the second half of the second pack that day,"* They were almost constantly looking at him. *"And I know what you'll say,"* But to be fair, he was almost always looking at *them*.

*"Hey Marco, since when were you a smoker?"* George had chimed in with the lyrics, *"Since the day I gave up and decided to fuck myself over,"* Quackity belted the words, scrunching his eyes shut. Either way, he was grateful for the silent reassurance of their presence.

*"And it's more a question of when than a question of if,"* It felt like a game sometimes. *"Since that night you hopped out of my car, left behind your American Spirits,"* Locking eyes with one of them, seeing who looks away first. *"And I keep a lighter in my pocket at all times 'cause you never know when you'll need one,"* That's not to say he didn't look out at the audience. *"Never know when you'll need one,"* If anything, he did it too much for his liking.

*"Hey Marco, since when were you a smoker?"* The entire band had joined in at that point. *"Since the day I gave up and decided to fuck myself over!"* Their energy was fantastic. *"Fuck myself over!"* Quackity almost screamed the words, before everyone gradually finished up with their instruments behind him.

The usual feeling after finishing up a show. The relief, the dimming excitement, the exhaustion kicking in; the afterglow. Quackity tried to bask in it, remember it, cement it in his mind as one of his favourite feelings-

But he just couldn't shake something else.

A creeping thought, a craving almost, as he thought over the final song. His bandmates were giggling away as they raved about the show, beginning to tidy up their belongings. Surely they weren't paying attention to him.

Even after breaking up with Schlatt, he almost always kept a pack of cigarettes with him. A habit.

Quackity stepped down from the bandstand, the tiny box tucked away in his pocket. He made his way to the tree where Schlatt had been standing only a few hours prior, quickly glancing around. He pulled out a cigarette and set it between his lips, cupping one hand around the weak flame of his lighter to block the breeze. He clicked, and clicked, but the tiny flame struggled, before sputtering out. The lighter was dead.

He sighed, looking up, only to see Sapnap approaching him. Silently, he pulled his own lighter out from his pocket and held it up.

"Thanks," Quackity mumbled around the butt of the cigarette still between his lips. Instead of just handing the lighter over to Quackity, however, Sapnap decided to light it for him. Sapnap's hands so close to his face, perfectly illuminated by the flame, had Quackity's stomach twisting itself into a knot already. He inhaled as they made brief eye contact, before letting out a puff of smoke.

Quackity offered the half empty box, and Sapnap gladly pulled out a cigarette for himself. Quackity watched as Sapnap sat down on the darkened grass, leaning his back against the tree and quickly lighting the cigarette already between his lips. Quackity, tired, decided to join Sapnap, taking a seat on the ground next to him. As he inhaled, he leaned back, only for the uneven bark to dig harshly into his spine. He blew out another tiny cloud of smoke and attempted to readjust his position, but to no avail.

He quickly glanced over to Sapnap, who had apparently noticed Quackity's discomfort. To Quackity's surprise, Sapnap stretched out his legs, and as one hand held a cigarette up to his lips, his other hand briefly patted his lap. Quackity looked down, before locking eyes with Sapnap.

He had nothing to lose.

Quackity layed down on the grass, his head, carefully, carefully, settling on Sapnap's thigh. They looked at each other for a moment longer, before Sapnap's head tipped upwards. The two took a moment to study the night sky through the few branches of the tree, scatterings of constellations spreading outwards in every direction.

As Quackity tapped away the ashes from his cigarette, he noticed another figure walking over to them.

"Hey guys, wh-" Karl almost immediately cut himself off as he noticed what was going on, eyes flicking between the two of them, and he slowed down his approach.

Sapnap patted the grass on his other side; a silent invitation.

And Karl took it.

Quackity watched as Karl cautiously sat down. After a moment, he allowed his head to settle on

Sapnap's shoulder, and Sapnap tipped his own head to settle against his.

Karl locked eyes with Quackity for a moment, and Quackity felt his heart leap into his throat as Karl slowly, gently, ran his fingers through Quackity's hair.

He closed his eyes.

## Chapter End Notes

the songs were Tongues by The Frights and Smoke Breaks by Daddy and the Long Legs! Smoke Breaks is fuckin underrated istg, and the band still makes music as kissyourfriends! please check em out they Bop (so do The Frights ofc (You Are Going To Hate This is one of my favourite songs by em))  
you're all amazing and beautiful both inside and out, remember to take care of yourselves and drink some water <3

# I'm a slut for hurt/comfort tropes (part 1/2)

## Chapter Notes

i started writing this chapter before the KarlNap meetup and finished it after lmao. i missed them so much and *wow* Sapnap is pretty. anyway, yeah, sorry this took A *While*, i kinda spent the last two weeks drawing lol. and teaching myself how to code. and developing a Friday Night Funkin addiction. god forbid my adhd ridden ass ever sticks to one fucking interest huh /lh

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Distant birdsong roused Quackity back to consciousness as he took a deep breath in, sleep slowly fading away from him. He pulled the soft, though thin blanket that was draped over him up to his chin, and nuzzled his face into what he believed to be a pillow. That was, until his eyes squinted open, and he was immediately met with a wall of upholstery. He was asleep on a couch. A couch that definitely wasn't his, nor Dream's, but *did* look an awful lot like Karl's.

Quackity finally elected to sit up, and he slowly turned his head as he inspected the room around him. He'd only been in Karl's living room once before, but it had been much darker then, both indoors and out; a contrast to the impossibly bright yellow hues of early dawn that now bled through the gap between the curtains.

Not to mention last time Sapnap wasn't curled up and fast asleep on the sofa across from him.

Quackity allowed his gaze to linger momentarily on Sapnap's peaceful form; the similar blanket thrown over him, the strands of his dark hair sticking up in random places, the slight movement of his shoulders as he breathed in and out.

A faint smile crept its way onto his face as Quackity's head tipped to the side, and he broke into a yawn. It ended up being louder than he'd meant for it to be, and he felt a brief surge of panic, worrying that he'd woken up Sapnap.

Thankfully, he was still out cold as Quackity's eyes clung once more to his neutral expression.

He did, however, clearly alert someone else, as his ears now perked up to the sound of soft footsteps making their way down the hall. Quackity glanced to the door, watching as the handle slowly turned, and a head peeked into the living room.

Karl's hair was messier than usual, and his eyes were still lidded with exhaustion as he beamed at Quackity, enough for his heart to skip an almost painful beat.

"Morning," Karl's low, tired voice sent a pang through Quackity's abdomen, and he sat and watched as Karl walked over to him.

"I really need to stop randomly waking up on cute boys' couches, huh?" Quackity mumbled as he rubbed the sleep from his eyes, feeling Karl's weight settle next to him.

"I wasn't just going to let you go home alone after the show," Karl chuckled slightly as he began to speak, "We were all tired as hell, and besides," he glanced in Sapnap's direction, "I was a little



worried about you, after what happened." Quackity's eyes remained practically glued to Karl as he spoke. He'd never seen him in pyjamas.

"Aww," The final part of Karl's sentence finally hit him, "You worry about me?" Quackity adopted a joking tone as he leaned towards Karl, batting his eyelashes.

"Of course I do, you nimrod," Karl giggled, wrapping an arm around Quackity's shoulders and pulling him closer. As he did so, his lips made the briefest of contact with Quackity's forehead.

It was *barely* a kiss. A peck, maybe. But nonetheless, Quackity's stomach did somersaults in his abdomen at the sudden contact, and he allowed his head to cautiously rest on Karl as the comforting arm remained wrapped around him.

Karl didn't seem to mind.

Quackity took a moment to savour the comfort of Karl's embrace; a feeling he'd become all too accustomed to at this point. From the day they met, Karl was never hesitant about physical affection, and Quackity could never get enough of it; burying his face in a soft shirt, all of his focus on the arm around his shoulders, the gentle rise and fall of Karl's chest, the smell of his hoodie. Karl always smelled so *nice*. Like coffee, and scented candles, and a hint of nail polish remover. Over time, he began to smell like home.

"Hey, uh, I was wondering," Quackity carefully began, breaking the silence, "Why did I get the couch while Sapnap got the sofa?" He lifted his head to look at Karl, who broke into a shit eating grin.

"Oh, yeah, I'm pretty sure Sapnap was almost more worried than I was last night," Karl turned his focus to Sapnap's curled up form across from them, "He promised to keep watch, but ended up passing out too." The affection lacing Karl's voice and gaze sent a warmth radiating through Quackity's chest, before his attention was turned to a sudden movement across the room.

The two of them now stared at Sapnap, on the brink of wakefulness, grumbling indistinctly as he stretched his legs out. He rubbed his eyes, and Quackity watched as Karl gave him one of the most tender smiles he'd ever seen in his entire life.

"Speak of the devil, good morning," Karl spoke, louder, now, as Sapnap's squinted eyes flicked between them. He seemed confused, or disorientated, and Quackity couldn't help but break into a smirk at the way his eyebrows scrunched together.

They watched Sapnap slowly stand up, fists clutching at the edges of the blanket still tightly wrapped around him, before he began making his way towards the couch. As he walked up to them, Quackity pulled his legs in, making space for Sapnap to sit on his other side. He immediately plonked himself down, before falling against Quackity, face already buried in the back of his shirt.

"Can we all just go back to sleep. Together. Like, all of us. Please. I just want cuddles." Sapnap's voice was muffled by Quackity's t-shirt, and he couldn't help but snicker along with Karl at the sight.

"He's always like this when he's tired," Karl mumbled, still smiling as he closed his eyes and leaned his head against Quackity's.

"Believe me, I know," Quackity couldn't help but laugh, almost lightheaded as he basked in the presence of his two closest friends pressed up to him. In that moment, he almost forgot about the

countless, sleepless nights he'd spent thinking and rethinking and overthinking his feelings, *their* feelings. Now, he didn't care about the unsaid emotions between them, or lack thereof- he only cared about *them*. How warm they were, how safe he felt, how comfy the couch was, how the only sounds framing the moment were the faint melodies of the morning birds, and three sets of calm breaths. How Karl's thumb slowly ran back and forth along his shoulder, how Sapnap seemed to briefly press closer to Quackity.

Sapnap sighed. Not out of comfort, or tiredness; it was shaky, and Quackity could sense the worry lacing his breath.

"Am I really that obvious?" Sapnap's words sliced through the unbroken silence, and Quackity could feel the... Dread? Anticipation? Excitement? He could feel *something* beginning to settle in his stomach. Karl lifted his head, and Quackity listened to his heartbeat quicken.

Sapnap pulled his blanket over his head, slinking away from Quackity, and leaving his back cold and bare. Quackity turned slightly, finally looking at Sapnap.

"I mean, is it that obvious that I like you guys?"

For a painful moment, Quackity assumed he'd misheard Sapnap. He was mumbling, and most of his face was obscured, and Quackity was hopeful. Hopeful and *stupid*. But the words echoed in his mind. There was no way Sapnap could play it off as a joke; his nose bright pink from where it stuck out of his blanket cocoon.

"Well, we like you too, dude." Karl was the one to finally speak up, while Quackity sat, still wrapping his head over Sapnap's words.

"No, I," Sapnap let out a brief, nervous laugh, "I *like* like you two. As... more than friends." The words sent Quackity even further into a state of disbelief. Everything felt like a dream; hazy, and warm, and too *perfect*.

"Yeah," Quackity barely noticed himself beginning to speak, "We like you too." He, also, laughed as he spoke- quiet, and soft- as he continued to study Sapnap's form.

Sapnap finally, *finally*, lifted his head up, cautious, the blanket dropping to his shoulders. He looked to Karl and Quackity with wide eyes, only for Quackity to break into a grin, and Karl to follow suit.

"Oh." The soft sound left Sapnap's mouth with a shaky breath, and he seemed to immediately relax.

"Took you long enough," Karl began to giggle as he reached over to lightly punch Sapnap's shoulder.

The three of them fell into a collective laughing fit as the relief and absurdity of the situation finally got to them, and Sapnap bumped his head against Quackity's shoulder.

Quackity could tell that Sapnap was shaking, and immediately pulled him in for an embrace. Sapnap practically clung to him, and Quackity was ready to swear that it was the best feeling in the fucking world. Sapnap's arms wrapped around his waist, his head buried in the nape of Quackity's neck; he could finally hold Sapnap close, finally run a hand through his hair, finally feel warm hands grasping at his back.

Sapnap, with shaky breath, pulled back, and Quackity gazed into the dark pools of his eyes.

It couldn't be real.

It couldn't be.

## Chapter End Notes

oh gods i'm so sorry it ended there, i kinda split this into two parts because i still need to get back into the groove of things, and besides the plan for this chapter was like Stupid long in comparison to all the rest lmao  
i promise i'll update as soon as i can <3

## but this isn't enough for the hurt/comfort tag (part 2/2)

### Chapter Notes

Imao i was just goofing, it wasn't a dream or anything, we're really in it now

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"So why were you two so worried about me?"

Karl and Sapnap briefly looked to each other as Quackity spoke up, lifting his head from where he was still wrapped in an embrace between them. He was still struggling to process the idea that his feelings were out there. *Their* feelings were out there. There was nothing to hide anymore, no more glances to steal, no more brushes of knuckles to savour; not when his two... friends? Not when these two people were sat on either side of him, pressed together, mingling in their shared body heat beneath the blanket that now covered all three of them, and he was finally free to get lost in their eyes for as long as he wished.

"Well," Karl quietly began, dragging out the word, "You just seemed really put off by your ex being at the gig, and you were all quiet and... and not your usual self for the rest of the show." Quackity's eyes blinked closed when Karl's fingers slowly ran through his hair, and a familiar warmth began to pool in Quackity's chest as he sunk into the touch. His heart skipped a beat when he opened his eyes to gaze up at Karl, only to find him staring right back, with a look laced with pure affection. Quackity felt almost honoured to be able to view such a work of art directly in front of him; hair painted gold around the edges by the barely risen sun, rosy features dripping with tenderness and *love*.

"Yeah," Sapnap continued "Like, we care about you a lot, and we didn't want you to leave alone in case something happened." The corners of Quackity's lips crept upwards as he turned his head to study Sapnap's face instead. He would still have to get used to seeing him this close, this tired. Vulnerable. A tamed beast carefully laid in his arms, a fiery force of nature subdued by a gentle hand caressing his face, but with cheeks still warm and smile brighter than the waking sun outside.

"So we took you home with us." Quackity's attention turned back to Karl, now whispering into his hair, as Sapnap nodded from where his head rested against Quackity's shoulder.

Over the course of the early morning, there had been several moments where Quackity found himself struggling to believe the reality of his situation. The reality that the two boys he'd been desperately pining over for *months* were... here. They were here, in his arms, and they weren't going anywhere. They knew, they felt the same, and it wasn't a dream. It definitely felt real now.

About as real as the tears that had been gradually collecting in the corners of his eyes, and now dripped onto his cheeks with a tired blink.

"Q?" Both Karl and Sapnap seemed far more awake, now, clearly alerted by Quackity's sniffing as they sat up, eyes shooting about his features. Karl began to raise a hand to Quackity's face, before stopping himself.

"Sorry, I just-" Quackity shook his head as he dug the heels of his palms into his eyes, willing the tears to go away. "I've never felt this like... loved and cared about and stuff before."

He couldn't help but giggle at the thought. Not that long ago he would've cried over the entirely opposite situation, yet here he was. He already knew Karl and Sapnap liked him back, sure, but how caring and considerate they must have been in that moment brought back the familiar feeling of fluttering in his gut. They didn't just like him. They *loved* him. And he loved them too.

Both of their arms had wrapped themselves tightly around him as he cleared away his tears, and eventually they all fell into a mutual fit of giggling and happy sniffles. As he wiped a tear from the corner of his eye, Karl began to speak.

"You know, when I walked up to a band of wannabe rockstars after a show and offhandedly mentioned I could play the bass," his voice was still shaky as his eyes shifted between Quackity and Sapnap, "I really wasn't expecting to fall head over heels in love with two of them."

Quackity rested his head on Karl's shoulder as he watched Sapnap's hand slink across him, before gently squeezing Karl's own hand.

"I'm definitely not complaining, though."

Karl planted a lingering kiss on the top of Quackity's head as he finished speaking, before briefly raising Sapnap's hand to his lips as well. The silence that followed was a type of comfortable that Quackity knew would always be impossible to put into words.

It was so mutual, and it felt so *good*. So good to know that there had always been *three* sets of butterflies, three constantly racing hearts, three people cherishing every tiny touch from each other. Quackity wasn't the only one awake on those dark, lonely nights overthinking every word they'd said. And those nights didn't have to be so lonely anymore.

The silence broke when Sapnap slowly lifted his head, cautiously looking between the two.

"So.. what.. is this?"

Quackity gave him a puzzled look, one he was sure Karl's features had matched.

"I mean like, what are we?"

"Fucking stupid I can tell you that much," Quackity blurted out, bringing the three of them back into a giggling, giddy state.

There was a brief pause, before Karl looked away in the direction of the window.

"I've never actually been in a poly relationship before." There was something about the way Karl had said it that Quackity found just so endearing, and he had to stop himself from reaching up to hold his stupid blushy face.

"Yeah, neither have I," Sapnap quietly chimed in.

Quackity shook his head as he repeated the same, an awkward excitement beginning to pool in his abdomen.

Sapnap finally lifted his gaze to look between them, before breaking into a grin that at least doubled Quackity's heart rate.

"I'm willing to try though."

The sparkle in his eyes as he excitedly blurted the phrase was enough to make Quackity weak in

the knees. However, as he was still sat on the couch, he had to resort to cautiously leaning in towards Sapnap instead.

For *once*, the movement was clearly welcomed, and not only that but *reciprocated*, as Sapnap began to lean forward too.

He didn't stop. He closed the gap.

Quackity could've sworn that fireworks erupted around them when their lips met. It wasn't his first kiss, not even close- but it was totally incomparable to the rest. All he could think about was how *amazing* Sapnap's lips felt on his, how desperately he'd wished for this moment, how Sapnap's hand crept up to rest on his shoulder.

When they pulled away, Quackity found himself once again staring into Sapnap's eyes, getting lost in the blue abyss; the passion of a swarm of stormclouds condensed into his irises.

"You do not understand how fucking long I've been waiting to do that," Quackity managed before breaking into a fit of soft laughter, Sapnap joining him as their foreheads gently bumped together.

Quackity was eventually pulled out of the moment by Karl's fingers brushing his chin, and turning his face towards *him*.

As if the small touch wasn't enough to make his stomach go haywire already, Karl just had to whisper in the softest voice imaginable,

"May I?"

Quackity immediately nodded, almost too eagerly, as their smiling lips met too.

It was just as magical. Just as perfect, just as fucking movie-like. Quackity suddenly considered himself lucky to have landed such *great* kissers, and two of them at that. Two of them. Both wanting to kiss him as much as he wanted to kiss them.

Quackity had to pull away as he fell back into nervous giggles, the others doing the same. He sunk into the couch as his stomach rioted, and he suddenly understood exactly what "warm and fuzzy inside" meant as the two boys either side of him nuzzled closer.

"Boyfriends, huh?" Quackity attempted, pure euphoria still flowing through his body.

"Boyfriends," Sapnap repeated, certain, with a smile audible in his voice.

"Boyfriends," Karl finally echoed in an almost whisper, matching the tone.

They sat in silence for a moment, and Quackity thought over just how badly he'd missed cuddling someone. The casual, comforting hands, bodies pressed against each other-

Karl suddenly yawned. Long and *loud*.

"Maybe the boyfriends should go back to sleep, actually," Quackity snickered as he spoke up, and as did the other two, shooting each other goofy smiles that were enough to make Quackity's chest flutter.

They carefully rearranged themselves, so they were all horizontal rather than sitting up. Karl was laying on his side as his arms slunk around Quackity's waist, while Sapnap laid his head on Quackity's chest. There was just barely enough space for them, even with Sapnap sprawled across

the two of them, but as his own head rested against the armrest once more, Quackity couldn't help but sink into the fabric beneath him.

The comfort of the couch, paired with Karl's head gently bumping into his as he settled a hand on Sapnap's hair meant Quackity was dozing off in no time.

He needed this.

He needed this so *badly*.

The warmth, the comfort, the constant reassurance of love and care that he so badly craved- he finally had it. He finally had the two people he'd only ever dared to daydream about.

They were finally in his arms.

They were so much more than dreams.

## Chapter End Notes

i think i've been having a bit of writers block lately which really sucks because i want to write just So Much Stuff and all my ideas and plans and drafts are piling up and i desperately want to work on them and get them out there but every time i sit down to write it's an effort to type more than like 100 words ://  
along those lines, kudos and comments help me out a ton because they let me know that folks enjoy my brain vomit and encourage me to keep going <3

(it extra sucks because i having fucking art block too so i have no clue what to do with myself hhhhh (and i'm starting my last year of school in like a week so i'm entering constant panic mode))

## we ignore the dsmp canon in this household

### Chapter Notes

hi. i uh. i know it's been. a while. like uh. a good few months. and. i have nothing to say for myself

basically i got kinda burnt out and lost most of my motivation to work on any fics (largely thanks to school starting again), but last week i had to write a five page essay about "a moment of uncertainty" in my life for english, and i genuinely didn't know what else i could talk about for that many words, so i just. uh. went off about the process of writing and posting this fic and the response it's gotten. but i called it a short story. and my teacher REALLY liked the essay to the point where she fucking gave me 100% (she *never* gives anyone 100%) and then she asked to speak to me after class, where she asked if the essay was even true and if she could read the "short story" (she promised not to try correct it or anything and just enjoy the content which was really sweet). it was a lovely conversation, i almost cried, and it kinda inspired me to get back to working on this. i obviously said no, btw, but if i disappear from the internet you'll know why lol

also Still Into You came on the radio the other day and i decided it was a sign

anyway, unnecessarily long and just. unnecessary. tangent aside, here's some fluff. free therapy, if you will

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Quackity's face scrunched up like he'd just bitten into a lemon as he was unwillingly dragged back to consciousness, the sunlight a harsh attack on his closed eyelids. As he slowly surveyed every sense of his besides sight, he discerned the cause of his rude awakening- the loud melody sounding from the opposite end of the room- to be Sapnap's ringtone.

Just as his mind finally made the connection, an elbow plunged itself into Quackity's ribs, pulling a groan out of his hoarse throat. He only noticed the heavy weight that had been laying across him since he awoke as it all at once lifted, and a dull thud sounded from the carpeted floor to his side. He suddenly regreted having taken the pressure and body heat for granted, as room temperature now felt like bitter cold against the few inches of exposed skin where his shirt had ridden up. Awkwardly squirming and groaning some more didn't help.

Quackity eventually strained his eyes open, and pushed himself up onto his elbows to survey the scene. He squinted down, realising he'd been asleep on a couch. A familiar one, but one that definitely wasn't his.

He then realised that it likely belonged to the man who's arms had just slipped away from where they had been wrapped around his waist, moving to rub at a pair of drowsy eyes.

"Karl?" The brief incredulity in Quackity's still hoarse voice quickly faded away as the events of the previous night swiftly returned to him; songs he'd endlessly practiced and poured his soul into, the brief refreshing breeze of a humid summer evening, a blanket that smelled of home although not necessarily his own house, warm arms wrapping themselves around him, lips against his-



Quackity realised he'd been staring at Karl as his mind wandered, and the pale eyes that now met his sent a sharp spike through his gut, an unfamiliar affection rippling through his core.

Unfamiliar, but definitely not bad.

He barely had time to process the newfound warmth in his chest as the invasive noise that had pulled them all from their slumber suddenly stopped, pulling the attention of the two towards the other side of the room.

Quackity snorted at the sight; none other than Sapnap was laying face down on the carpet, with an arm propped up at the elbow as he held his phone above his head, the rest of his limbs strewn lethargically around him. Describing his lengthy hair as messy was an understatement, and a smile briefly crossed Quackity's lips as he recalled the way his fingers had softly glided through the dark strands not that long ago.

*"Good morning sleepyhead, why didn't you answer my texts?"* Quackity turned his attention to the window as Dream's giggly voice came through the speaker of Sapnap's phone. The sliver of sky that peeked through the curtains was a clear, bright azure; nothing compared to the golden honey glow of the impossibly early morning he'd awoken to previously, but beautiful nonetheless.

Sapnap grumbled something incomprehensible into the carpet, and Quackity's heartbeat momentarily quickened as Karl giggled beside him.

*"I know you're usually tucked out after shows, but it's already past noon-"*

"Say hi to Dream." Sapnap's eyes were still shut as he turned his head to the side to interrupt Dream with a groggy mumble, his cheek squished against the carpet.

Karl and Quackity quickly chimed in with their hellos as they rubbed the last few remnants of sleep from their eyes, both now sitting upright as the call went silent for a moment.

*"...You know what? I'm not even gonna ask, do you want to hang out today? You can bring your boys."* An infectious grin began to spread across Sapnap's features, and Quackity cautiously moved his hand to intertwine his fingers with Karl's as he found himself smiling too, giving the soft hand he was finally unafraid to hold a light squeeze.

Karl squeezed back.

"My boyyssss," Sapnap drew out the word, verging on a giggle as he finally opened his eyes just the tiniest amount, gaze flicking between Karl and Quackity.

*"We'll be in the park in about an hour, see you then."* The call abruptly ended, and Sapnap stretched as he rolled onto his back. He released a content sigh as his phone dropped to the carpet, and his eyes fell shut once more.

Before they had the chance to collectively pass out a third time, Karl pushed himself up onto his feet, letting go of Quackity's hand to stretch his arms above his head. However, before he could even complain, Quackity found his cheeks growing warm at the sight of Karl's lower back, the few inches of pale skin now exposed by his shirt rising up.

Quackity would've definitely asked them out sooner if he knew he could wake up to this view every morning.

Now, as if Quackity's brain hadn't completely shut down already, Karl just had to go and place a careful hand on Quackity's head, beginning to gently comb his fingers through the dark tufts of

hair. Quackity's insides immediately began doing summersaults as he finally felt comfortable enough to allow himself to fully lean into the touch, almost holding back tears at the tiny gesture of affection that he didn't know he craved so badly.

Though maybe it was just the fact that he'd barely had the chance to wake up properly.

"Alright then, you guys up for some breakfast?"

Quackity and Sapnap immediately- and aggressively- voiced their agreements, eliciting another beautiful giggle from Karl. Quackity didn't know it was possible to fall even more in love with someone just for their laugh, but Karl was always proving him wrong in the best ways possible.

"Okayyy," Karl drew out the word with a coy smile as he slowly backed away towards the door, hand slipping out of Quackity's hair, "then, whoever gets to the kitchen first gets a kiss!" He'd already stepped out of the living room when Quackity's head shot up, and he quickly glanced over to see Sapnap scrambling to get onto his feet.

They both made a beeline for the door, but as Sapnap quickly surpassed him, Quackity decided that he would allow him to win, just this once. A giggle threatened to bubble it's way out of Quackity's chest as he walked down the hall, approaching the open kitchen door. Maybe he'd be able to bribe Karl into making them hot chocolate again.

Quackity's heart almost melted as the kitchen came into view, and he leaned against the doorframe for support as he watched the scene unfold, an affection ridden grin plastering his face.

Karl's hand carefully settled on the side of Sapnap's neck, thumb caressing his jawline as their lips met, and Quackity watched Sapnap grow visibly weak in the knees as they kissed. Sapnap's arms slowly snaked around Karl's waist, pulling him in closer; a carefulness to the movement that Quackity would never recognize from Sapnap in any other circumstance.

They both turned to him once they pulled away, grinning, lips a similar shade to their cheeks.

"You snooze you lose," Sapnap wiggled his head as he spoke, before sticking his tongue out, a smile still plastered across his blushy features.

"Literally," Karl giggled as his hand slipped down to rest on Sapnap's shoulder.

Quackity just couldn't get enough of the sight; the loves of his life, stood, holding each other, framed by the sunlit kitchen behind them as they beamed at him, all rosy cheeks and bed heads. He didn't know how he'd be able to wake up without them.

"You two are so cute."

The words escaped Quackity's lips before he could even think about saying them, a softness lacing his voice that even he hadn't expected. Karl and Sapnap's eyes darted about as they awkwardly stepped away from each other, neither expecting the compliment nor just how genuine Quackity's voice sounded as he said it.

Karl made his way towards the fridge as Sapnap crossed his arms and shrugged, neither looking back at Quackity, who took note of the pink shade of the tips of their ears. He suddenly, desperately wanted to compliment them more.

"Hey, how do omelettes sound?" Karl spoke as he examined the contents of the fridge, one hand running through his hair as the other tapped on the edge of the fridge door.

"Fucking perfect, actually." Sapnap turned his attention to the coffee machine, quickly turning it on before grabbing three mismatched mugs from the cupboard above it.

Quackity remained stood in the doorway, taking an extra moment to memorise every tiny detail of the view before him. It seemed like he could never get enough of Sapnap and Karl; every time his stomach twisted itself into knots, every time his heart leaped into his throat, every time those stupid butterflies came back, all he could think about was how badly he wanted *more*- to get even closer, to hold them and not let go, to tell them how beautiful and perfect they were in each and every way.

But he didn't just have to think about it anymore.

Quackity walked up behind Karl, watching him fiddle with the knobs on the stove for a moment before slipping his arms around his waist. He felt Karl jump a little, before settling into the embrace, lightly leaning against Quackity. He raised a hand to Quackity's face, carefully holding his cheek before turning his head to place a lingering kiss on his temple.

Quackity *loved* this. He loved *them*. He loved how comfortable they immediately felt around each other the second they all knew everyone felt the same. He loved listening to Sapnap slowly stir the sugar into his coffee while he buried his face in the nape of Karl's neck. He loved the unbearable domesticity of it all. And he wanted to feel this way for the rest of his life.

## Chapter End Notes

ngl i cannot promise anything about my update schedule but i will try my absolute best to finish this badboy before the year ends! i was kind of aiming to finish it before the summer ended, but hey, what can ya do. happy spooky month btw!

kudos, comments, and honestly any form of interaction really encourage me to keep going and inspire me to do better! thank you for all the support y'all have given me since everything began!! remember, you're all loved, and i hope you all have an absolutely wonderful day/night <3

# **i haven't been inside a vinyl store in a while, i should really work on that huh**

## Chapter Notes

a week and three days ago i was watching Heathers with my partner, on the edge of my seat, on the verge of tears the whole show. three days ago i was stuffing my face at my friend's birthday while we all yelled about how cute our pets are. 24 hours ago i was baking cookies with my mom. 12 hours ago i was playing beer pong against a team of physics students after we destroyed them at uno. 6 hours ago i listened to one of them puke their guts out while i brushed my teeth. i am currently in the cinema bathroom after watching Venom. i am exhausted, delirious, hungover. i will probably post this in another 6, maybe 12 hours. i will then spend the weekend speedrunning my midterm homework because what the fuck else are you meant to do when halloween is on a sunday and school is a necessary burden the morning after

i really honestly thought i would be dead by now

my point is, life is going too well, and i need to remind myself that while yes, i do get invited to parties more than i had ever expected to, i also write gay minecraft fanfiction in my free time because i can't afford therapy

alright, enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Quackity struggled to divert his attention to anything besides Sapnap's hand casually pressed in his as the five of them gazed in through a gleaming shop window, their faint reflections staring back as they studied the contents of the shelves within.

"Yeah, it only opened last week I think," George chimed in as Quackity was finally brought back to reality. A record shop?

"Wow, it's so small I hadn't even noticed it. Wait-" Sapnap briefly craned his neck as he spoke, before realising his heinous mistake, which had already sent the rest of the group into childish uproar. Sapnap raised a fist to his mouth, but even through his own uncontrollable giggles, Quackity could make out a suppressed smile spreading across Sapnap's features.

"That's what- that's what she said-" Dream struggled to speak through a restrained wheeze as he pulled the door open for his friends, only laughing harder when Sapnap let go of Quackity's hand to jab an elbow into Dream's side before they all made their way inside.

The only sound inside was the barely legible classic rock that played from a speaker somewhere in the store, as the few other customers quietly minded their business. Quackity's eyes ate up the sight before him as their group wordlessly split to peruse the racks of carefully organised rows of colourful vinyls and CD's. Old posters lined the walls, and Quackity took a moment to appreciate the atmosphere before aimlessly leafing through a few of the more eye-catching vinyl covers.

As Quackity squinted to read some particularly illegible scrawl on a cover, Karl had carefully approached him, their shoulders bumping together briefly as Karl took a moment to study either the vinyl or Quackity's careful hands. He couldn't be sure.

"Can you imagine how cool it would be if we walked in here one day and saw ourselves on the cover of one of these?" Quackity's head tipped to the side as Karl spoke, hushed voice dripping with admiration like honey, Quackity's ears never getting enough of the sweet sound.

"Yeah, but we should probably think about actually recording some music first," Quackity replied through a soft giggle, eyes finally darting to meet Karl's for a moment before locking on the upturned corners of his pink lips.

"God, it would be so cool to make professional recordings of our stuff," Sapnap chimed in as he walked up to Quackity's other side, eyes flicking between the other two daydreaming figures.

"I think we would all just goof off the entire time if we ever got the chance to be in a proper recording studio." Karl tilted his head as the smile on his face only grew wider, his and Quackity's eyes now moving to focus on Sapnap.

"Yeah, we'd just be pulling Dream and George apart the entire time." The ever cheeky grin was audible in Sapnap's voice as he briefly looked around to ensure he hadn't somehow summomed the duo into earshot.

"You know," Karl began, fully turning to the other two, "maybe *they* should be the ones pulling *us* apart for once." His arms slowly wrapped themselves around Quackity's as he pressed closer, nearly whispering the words so not a single other soul could possibly hear.

"Yeah, Sapnap," Quackity's cheeks had already grown warm again, "why can't we be the ones slobbering all over each other?" He blinked up at Sapnap, who's arms had begun to slink around his waist as he nodded slightly.

"You know what, you're right," Sapnap started as he glanced between them, "we should try to outdo their sickening PDA for once." The three of them were smiling like idiots, suppressing giggles as they subconsciously pressed closer together where they stood on the hardwood floor of the record shop, sending a flutter of warm butterflies up Quackity's abdomen.

Just as Karl opened his mouth in preparation to say something cheesy, however, the three were alerted to someone clearing their throat beside them. As their three heads swiveled, they were unsurprisingly met with two familiar faces, both far more awkward and blushy than usual.

*Too* awkward.

Quackity immediately began to worry.

"Hey, so um," George tugged at the collar of his shirt as he spoke, highly focused on the wood grain of the floor they stood on, "we thought it was finally time to tell you guys that we're uh," He looked up briefly to Dream, "we're dating." There was a brief pause as Dream cleared his throat too.

"Yep," Dream began to nod, "and uh, and we've been together for a few weeks now, actually."

In that moment, Quackity wasn't sure what he felt. He wasn't sure he felt anything at all. If anything, he was just upset that he'd missed the opportunity to give either of his boyfriends a kiss or something, *anything* before they were so rudely interrupted. He also could have sworn this was old news.

Clearly, so did Karl and Sapnap, as they stood looking just as dumbfounded as he was.

Until Sapnap seemed to snap back to reality, beginning to speak with far more enthusiasm than Quackity would've expected.

"Oh *wow*, really? Oh my God we had no clue! Wow man, just, good for you, you two make such a *great* couple!" As Dream and George bashfully shrugged at the dramatised remarks, Sapnap discreetly elbowed Quackity, and probably Karl as well.

"Yeah, you're like, *perfect* for each other," Quackity vigorously nodded along as Karl spoke with restrained laughter.

"Yeah, mhm, that must be great for you guys," Quackity managed, unable to get enough of Dream and George's sheepish smiles as they glanced from the three of them to each other.

And Quackity thought him and *his* boyfriends lacked self-awareness.

As the two said their thank yous and got over their bashful smiles, George slowly stepped backwards as he began to gesture vaguely behind him.

"Anyway, uh, I kind of need to," he paused, "use the bathroom."

"Yeah, mhm, we'll be back in a bit," Dream waved as he followed George, and Quackity, Sapnap, and Karl could do nothing except stand there and watch them leave.

The exact moment the door of the record shop closed, the three of them burst into hysterics, much to the annoyance of the rest of the population of the store.

"Yeah, you know what," Quackity struggled through his laughter, "maybe we should '*go to the bathroom*' too and see how they enjoy being left alone while we fuck." The dramatic air quotes Quackity made had seemed to worsen their laughter enough, but the final comment almost sent Sapnap to the floor.

"Oh my God," Karl grabbed Quackity's shoulder as he covered his own mouth with a shaky hand, "stop, you can't say that," He barely managed to speak through his giggles as he glanced to the other customers still in the store.

In that moment, all Quackity could focus on were the grins plastered across each of their faces, and the rosy tint to their cheeks. The ringing laughter of his boyfriends matching perfectly with his own, and the way their fingers had so casually intertwined. The butterflies that had taken permanent residence in his gut; even now, even here.

In that moment, he couldn't help but note just how lucky he was to have Sapnap and Karl.

## Chapter End Notes

how. did i get here. i am more hungover. than i have ever been in my life. writing. a minecraft fanfic. that almost 20,000 people have read (that is an insane number btw). instead of fucking studying. i love y'all, btw. you're all fantastic. i could never put just how thankful i am into words. and i fuckin love words. words are great. i'm applying for a goddamn English degree. Maynooth will soon face my gay wrath. what the hell is my life

also happy Halloween!

## "literal sleeping together" is one of my favourite ao3 tags

### Chapter Notes

hey karlnapity enjoyers how are we feeling after quackity's lore stream huh. we got what we wanted. we finally got that fiances reunion. we've been sitting here for months and months imagining the most tragic of ways they could find each other again and it was somehow so much worse. quackity ate schlatt's heart and now he's eating mine too istg

also the word "fiance" wasn't mentioned once in the entire stream and i'm trying my best not to jump to conclusions :/ like i wouldn't mind too much if they explicitly stated that they were retconning the relationship, but i'd kinda prefer if some of the best poly representation i've ever seen didn't just get swept under the rug yk

also i'm ignoring every other lore stream that happened this weekend. no one's dead and everyone's safe i promise

anyway here's some therapy, i heard people were seeking fluff after that shit and i am no exception lmao

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Has anyone ever told you that your eyes like, literally sparkle when you talk about things you're passionate about?"

Quackity sat and watched as Karl's cheeks turned almost the same shade of red as the faux leather upholstery behind him, strands of overgrown hair falling across his eyes as the dim lighting in their booth casted his face in faint oranges and warm yellows. Quackity still struggled to believe that this work of art sat across from him was his *boyfriend*.

The previous day the two had, with absolutely no ulterior motive at all, elected to scope out the bar where their biggest gig yet was set to take place. To give credit where credit is due, Dream had picked out a pretty nice venue. It was a decently sized building near the town center- nothing to gawk at, but also no roadside pub- with pleasant lighting and equally pleasant food. And a dingy little stage set up at the far wall, shrouded in darkness for the quiet evening. Every time Quackity laid his eyes on it, his pulse grew just that little bit quicker.

Although they had spent the majority of the last hour simply eating fries and staring at each other lovingly, Karl happened to notice the sheer amount of people in the bar, and began to rave about the capacity of the place and just how large the audience was going to be. Quackity probably heard less than half of it.

"I'm just really excited for this gig, that's all," Karl's eyes lingered on the plate in front of him as he spoke, a lithe hand tucked into a fist in front of his mouth slightly muffling the words and failing to hide the smile creeping up his face.

"You're so fucking cute."

The words came out a little more hushed than Quackity had intended, and he watched as something

behind Karl's eyes shifted, his mouth falling slightly open, forming around silent words.

He slid a finger behind his shirt collar, giving it a light tug.

"So um, wanna finish up and start heading out?" Quackity furrowed his eyebrows at the sudden urgency in Karl's voice, before glancing down at their near empty plates. In all fairness, they *had* been sitting there for a while, and it wasn't like they had much of an objective in the first place beyond waxing poetic about each other and overreacting to the slightest brush of a pinkie.

Once they had finished up with the last few bites of their food, Quackity gave a final, longing gaze towards the stage, before allowing himself to be led to the door by Karl's gentle hand.

Obviously, they couldn't just leave a bar without being at least a little tipsy, and the sudden cool air on Quackity's cheeks was a contrast to the warm fuzziness swimming around his head, sobering him up just the tiniest amount. As they continued to walk, tomorrow's gig was gradually pushed to the back of Quackity's mind, and practically all he could focus on was Karl's hand in his, and the quiet sounds of the sparse street around them.

Right as Quackity began to speak in attempt to break the gentle silence that had fallen over the pair, a strong tug on his hand pulled him harshly off track, landing him and Karl in a dim alleyway to the side of the footpath. As Quackity's mind attempted to catch up to what was going on, Karl released his hand, and instead placed two soft palms on either side of Quackity's face.

Before he knew it, Karl's lips collided with his, and Quackity's stomach exploded with a myriad of fireworks at the sudden contact. He immediately wrapped his arms around Karl's shoulders, doing anything to pull him in closer, *closer* as their lips moved together in perfect sync. Quackity's mind only grew cloudier as all he could focus on was skin on skin, his lips on Karl's, and his back slowly pressing up against the brick wall behind him.

Whether they remained in that position for only a few seconds or several minutes didn't matter to Quackity; all he cared about was the way his fingers entwined themselves in Karl's remarkably soft hair, or the way Karl's hands made their way down towards his waist, thumbs carefully sliding beneath the hem of his shirt. With their chests already pressed flush against each other, Karl's knee settling between Quackity's legs dragged out what he expected to be a hard sigh from his throat, but ended up sounding closer to a whine.

Karl smiled briefly into the kiss, before pulling away.

Just as Quackity instinctively dove back in for more, Karl stepped back, a cheeky grin plastered across his darkened features as his hands fell to his sides. Quackity couldn't help but feel his heart drop a little with disappointment as his cheeks somehow grew warmer than they already were. Karl glanced back towards the street.

"I think we should get going."

---

The incessant buzzing of a phone unceremoniously guided Quackity back to consciousness, the invasive noise pulling him out of the beginnings of a fairly pleasant dream. A brief wave of confusion washed over him as he felt a heavy weight pressing down on his chest, until he opened his eyes only to be met with the top of a chestnut head of hair.



Karl was still fast asleep.

Quackity reached for his phone, careful as to not rouse the sleeping beauty in his arms. Once his eyes had adjusted from the comforting shroud of darkness in the room to the harsh white light of the screen, he found himself staring at a row of messages. From Sapnap.

From what Quackity could make out between his squinting and his general drowsiness, Sapnap seemed pretty fucking panicked about the following day's show, and was struggling to fall asleep. His final message was a short and simple, "can I come over?"

Quackity, too tired to type out a proper reply, and quite frankly too comfortable to move his other arm, simply opened the camera and stretched his arm out to the side.

He took a moment to study the picture.

Sure it was sideways, but that didn't matter; either way it meant Sapnap would get there about twice as fast. The dim shot showed Quackity's drowsy face half obscured by a pillow, his dark hair messier than usual, and his eyes gently squinting at the camera. Karl was still fast asleep on his chest, his long eyelashes brushing the tips of his cheekbones. Quackity's hand was visibly settled on top of Karl's head, and they were both engulfed in a sea of plush pillows and warm blankets.

Quackity added a plain "sure <3" before pressing send, and turning off his phone, engulfing the fragile sanctuary that was his room in soothing darkness once more.

He knew he had placed his phone back on the night stand, and wrapped another arm around Karl, but the time between then and the moment he heard a tapping on his window was a complete blur to him as he faded in and out of consciousness, trying his best not to nod off.

The sound of the window opening was what finally woke both him and Karl up, and Quackity began to slowly pet his hair as Karl lifted his head in confusion. They both watched Sapnap practically crawl in past the curtains, and Quackity let out an exaggerated sigh as he raised his hands to rub at his eyes.

"This is... What, the third time this month?" Quackity took on a joking tone as he eyed Sapnap's shadowed form, lifting himself onto his elbows as Karl sleepily sat up.

"You should stop leaving your window open, then." Sapnap let out a breathy laugh as he pulled his hoodie over his head. "Also, I know we're called the Sex Havers, but y'all better not be having sex without me-"

Quackity struggled to subdue his laughter as Karl planted his face back against Quackity's chest, groaning loud enough for Quackity to feel it in his ribs.

"We weren't, now get over here," Karl managed a tired grin as he turned his head, stretching his arm towards Sapnap to make a grabby motion with his hand.

The two watched Sapnap pull his shoes off a little too eagerly, hopping towards the bed as he threw them carelessly onto Quackity's floor. He wriggled his way under the covers, and before he could even get comfortable Karl grabbed the sides of his face and planted a kiss on his lips.

"Now go to sleep, you nimrod."

As Quackity's arm wrapped itself around Sapnap, and Karl's head settled on Quackity's chest once more, he was finally ready to drift back to his peaceful slumber, until Sapnap briefly whispered in his ear.

"I can never fall asleep before shows, so, thank you."

Quackity placed a lingering kiss on Sapnap's forehead, before a memory crossed the back of his mind, and formed an idea. An idea that he couldn't help but act upon.

Despite the groans and complaints from his already drowsy boyfriends, Quackity carefully crawled out of bed, before making his way towards the corner of his bedroom. Picking up his acoustic guitar caused both of them to fall silent, and Quackity carried it back before sitting down on the side of the bed. He could tell Karl's eyes had lit up, even in the faint moonlight.

"Oh, are you gonna play us a lullaby or something?" Quackity briefly scoffed at Sapnap's mocking tone, before smiling as his fingers skilfully settled on the neck of the guitar.

And he began to play.

*"I wanna boy to keep the bed warm while I shower,"* He watched Sapnap and Karl get comfortable again, burrowing themselves into the warmth of the bed. *Quackity's bed.* *"I wanna boy to keep the bed warm while we're watching TV,"* He struggled to tear his eyes off of their resting forms, shoulders rising and falling almost in unison, their breathing appearing to be the only sound for miles besides Quackity's voice and his guitar.

*"I wanna boy to keep the bed warm when the whole house is freezing,"* If you told Quackity a couple weeks ago that he would be sitting here, in his room, singing his *boyfriends* to sleep the night before a possibly life changing event, *"I wanna boy who isn't anything like me."* He would've laughed.

At the time, he wouldn't have believed you. After all, he was just a sad, lonely student going through a breakup. He had a crush on the boy down the road, and he had little to look forward to, and his best friend had better things to worry about. The fact that he ended up right here, right now, was the result of a few happenstance events that he couldn't have ever predicted would have landed him the opportunity to guide the two most beautiful people in the world to a peaceful slumber.

*"I wanna boy who can go all night without stopping,"* But now, as he sat on the edge of his bed, gazing at the two half-asleep figures laying in *his* bed listening to *his* singing, *"I wanna boy who knows exactly what he needs."* It only felt all the more real.

Quackity swallowed a thick lump that was beinning to form in his throat as he strummed his guitar. He loved them. And they loved him back.

*"So if you think that you're the boy for me, and I'm the boy for you,"* Sapnap was charismatic and suave from the moment Quackity had met him, but he always got anxious before shows. *"Tell me about a little bit about yourself, send a picture or two,"* Karl seemed aloof and uninterested before they became close, yet now his eyes gleamed whenever Quackity even touched an instrument. *"And hurry up now, because it's only getting colder."* And what kind of boyfriend would Quackity be if he didn't sing them to sleep every now and then?

## Chapter End Notes

i know i say this every time, but seriously, thank you all so so much for the crazy support on this fic, like, none of you could ever comprehend just how much it all means to me. i never expected my silly little side project to take off like this, and it

still brings me as much joy and excitement as it did when i wrote the very first chapter. thank you for coming along for the ride, and i can promise you all, the finale is gonna be a good one!

also thank you for tolerating my fuckin authors notes lol, i honestly can't help it, this is basically my parasocial little diary

love you all!! <333

EDIT: the song used was I Wanna Boi by PWR BTTM!

# Finale

## Chapter Notes

heyyy soo my parents clearly don't know how to control themselves when it comes to the holidays and now we kinda have covid? uh? i myself don't mind it much because it really is just like a particularly bad cold, besides the piercing headache i've had for the last few days. anyway a couple family members of ours had it last year and they came out of it pretty alright, so i'm not too worried for us. but yeah. all this free time bedridden in quarantine now means i can casually finish writing my magnum opus. how did i get here

also. who had the audacity to give this thing 1k kudos?? /pos i never expected to see that number in hits let alone kudos so thank you all so much what the hell. i am too emotionally stunted to process that

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Quackity's eyes remained locked on the worn monochrome floor beneath him as his shaky legs paced the small back room; the best thing the humble bar had to offer in terms of a backstage prep area. He subconsciously fidgeted with the collar of the crisp blue jacket he'd donned just for the occasion, and he found himself chewing on his lip to reduce it's quivering. He'd never been this anxious before a show.

In fairness, their ragtag little band had never experienced anything close to a professional venue yet, let alone a proper stage, and though at first glance the bar didn't seem too large of a building, the mere capacity of the place completely dwarfed the 'crowd' attending their very first gig at Dream's garage. They were actually getting somewhere. Hell, Karl was starting to talk about designing merchandise.

All of it sent Quackity's heart pounding out of his chest.

That pounding heart eased just a little, however, as Quackity's attention turned to the now open door, where Sapnap had just entered the room. Once he finished adjusting the collar of the black turtleneck beneath his white t-shirt, Sapnap's previously bright eyes grew worried as he noticed Quackity's disheveled state.

"You alright babe?"

It was a simple question, sure, but Quackity couldn't help the lump that rose in his throat. That was the first time Sapnap called him babe; not as a joke, or a friendly jab, but a genuine symbol of affection from a caring boyfriend. Quackity nodded.

"Yep, just uh, pre-show jitters, you know how it is," Sapnap tilted his head as Quackity spoke, a hint of a smile approaching the corners of his lips that never failed to twist Quackity's gut into knots.

"We've already performed so many times before, you have nothing to worry about! I know you'll do great, Q." The genuine compassion lacing every word that left Sapnap's mouth wasn't enough to calm Quackity down, however, and he crossed his arms, suddenly very interested in the detailing

on the floor once again.

"Yeah, but, there's way more people this time around, and I, I thought I saw *someone*-" Quackity emphasised the word only to watch Sapnap return to his serious demeanour once more, before he began approaching Quackity.

"Hey, hey, look, listen to me," Sapnap carefully raised his arms, Quackity's heart only pounding harder against his ribs when Sapnap's hands gently settled on either side of Quackity's face. Their noses were barely inches apart as Quackity's gaze finally locked on the dark eyes in front of him; he couldn't focus on anything else if he tried.

"I promise, you'll be okay. Karl and I are here for you no matter what, alright?" Quackity nodded, only melting further into Sapnap's touch as he did so. "I will literally beat that guy up if he even looks at you weird. We're always beside you, don't forget that. I love you."

Quackity's heart leaped into his throat as he struggled to hold back a smile. He'd never considered telling someone you love them for the first time to be that big of a deal before, but finally, *finally* hearing those three little words from Sapnap's mouth sent his entire being into a hazy euphoria incomparable to anything he'd ever experienced before.

"I love you too," Quackity managed as he leaned in, eyes fluttering shut when his and Sapnap's lips softly met.

The kiss was just like their very first; just as tender, just as ridden with gentle caution- a carefulness like Sapnap was focusing all of his attention on not breaking some fragile, priceless object trusted in his care. In fairness, Quackity *was* fragile; his legs began to shake beneath him as their mouths moved together, and as he struggled to support himself, his arms slowly snaked around Sapnap's shoulders. This didn't fall beyond Sapnap's notice, however, and he carefully guided Quackity into a sitting position on the desk behind him, lips remaining locked together as Sapnap removed one hand from where it was still caressing Quackity's face to instead wrap around his waist for support, pressing them closer.

Quackity didn't know how long they had remained in that position when a tear rolled down his cheek, and he didn't know if it was a tear of relief, or of happiness, and he didn't know if Sapnap noticed it as he pressed even closer, and Quackity's hand slipped into Sapnap's hair, softer than ever. He didn't care. He *couldn't* care about anything besides Sapnap held tightly in his arms, their lips moving in perfect harmony, and the warmth settling throughout his entire body as his racing heart finally decided to calm down.

The two immediately fell into a fit of euphoric giggles when Quackity was finally forced to pull away for a breath of air, before he shut his eyes and buried his face in the crook of Sapnap's neck. He smelled of cologne and wood smoke, and Quackity was sure the scent was stuck to him now, too. He remained in that position as their giggles gradually faded out, hugging Sapnap as tightly as possible, his mind replaying the same words: *I love you, I love you, I love you.*

As Sapnap placed a lingering kiss on the top of Quackity's head, he finally looked up, once again meeting Sapnap's gentle gaze. He carefully brushed the hair out of Quackity's face before beginning to speak.

"You're gonna be great. *We're* gonna be great. I just know it."

---

Quackity took a swig from a cool glass of water as he looked out over the audience, the anticipation and excitement audible in their idle chatter, even from up on the darkened stage. Of course, he also spotted someone he'd prayed would one day wind up merely a bad memory, but currently took residence as a recurring nightmare bobbing somewhere near the bartender.

Quackity felt a gentle hand settle on his shoulder, and he turned to face Sapnap, a questioning look across his features as he approached Quackity's side. Quackity merely smiled and shook his head. He didn't need to care about Schlatt anymore.

He didn't need to care about the *past* anymore, especially when the sweet present of Karl pressing up against his other side was right here; the electricity in his stomach when Karl's palm cupped Quackity's cheek, turning his face to the side to plant a quick peck on his lips.

As Sapnap and Karl stepped back to their positions on the still darkened stage, Quackity briefly worried that someone had witnessed the scene, before shaking his head.

Why should he care?

Blue and orange and purple light spilled across the scratched up floor of the stage, bathing his friends in a neon glow, and emitting a quiet electric hum that harmonised with the restless thumping of his heart. Although the crowd seemed to quieten down, it was still just a bar after all, and plenty of the patrons couldn't care less about their presence and simply continued about their evenings. This only helped to calm Quackity down as he took a deep breath in.

He cleared his throat. He grabbed the microphone.

"Hey hey, I hope everyone here is having a fantastic evening, and whether you showed up because of the fliers, or you don't know who the fuck we are in the slightest, we're gonna be performing a few songs for you all tonight! So, we're the Sex Havers, and our first number is Still Into You! Y'all ready?"

Quackity briefly turned to his nodding bandmates, catching glimpses of Karl's restless fingers tapping on the neck of his bass, Sapnap tying up his unruly curls beneath his bandana, George's leg bouncing where he stood, Dream's drumsticks poised in the air, the lights giving their instruments a magical glow unlike anything else. He turned back to the mic.

*"Can't count the years on one hand that we've been together,"* The guitars practically reverberated through Quackity's ribs as he began to sing. *"I need the other one to hold you, make you feel, make you feel better,"* The drumbeats vibrating along the wooden floor and up his legs matched the intensity of his restless heart, every beat filled with endless energy. *"It's not a walk in the park to love each other,"* Him, his friends, his *boyfriends* coming together in perfect harmony, playing their instruments like their lives depended on it; all of it was music to Quackity's ears. Quite literally. *"But when our fingers interlock, I can't deny, can't deny you're worth it,"* Quackity's heart sang with joy almost as much as he himself belted the lyrics, radiating warmth and excitement throughout his entire body.

*"Cause after all this time, I'm still into you,"* He almost forgot how much he fucking loved being on stage.

*"I should be over all the butterflies,"* And to think that all of this would never have happened if not for one little breakup. *"But I'm into you,"* One little offer from George. *"I'm into you,"* One little night in Dream's garage. *"And baby even on our worst nights,"* If not for his best friend grasping

for ways to guide Quackity out of a depressive episode, *"I'm into you,"* He never would have had some of the best experiences in his entire life, *"I'm into you,"* And he never would have met some of the best people in the entire world. *"Let them wonder how we got this far,"* Quackity couldn't bare the thought of where he would be right then if not for that fateful day. *"Cause I don't really need to wonder at all,"* If he hadn't met and befriended and fallen head over heels for Sappnap and Karl. *"Yeah after all this time, I'm still into you,"* If he hadn't gotten over Schlatt.

*"Recount the night that I first met your mother,"* As if on command, Quackity finally spotted that dark head of hair at the far end of the room. *"And on the drive back to my house I told you that, I told you that I loved you,"* Schlatt was glaring absolute daggers at him. *"You felt the weight of the world fall off your shoulders,"* And Quackity couldn't care less. *"And to your favorite song we sang along to the start of forever,"* Especially not with his boyfriends stood proudly either side of him.

*"And after all this time, I'm still into you,"* A guitar and a bass blasting in either ear; a constant reassurance that he is *safe* and he is *loved*.

*"I should be over all the butterflies, but I'm into you, I'm into you,"* Their presence always filled him with an indescribable comfort, a hazy warmth often gone unsaid. *"And baby even on our worst nights I'm into you, I'm into you,"* Even when Sappnap was just a charismatic friend of a friend, just a familiar face across a couch. *"Let them wonder how we got this far, 'cause I don't really need to wonder at all,"* When Karl was just a familiar stranger, just a mysterious skater kid he desperately wished to get to know better. *"Yeah after all this time, I'm still into you,"* He was always drawn to them like no one else.

*"Well some things just, some things just make sense, and one of those is you and I,"* Quackity briefly glanced to his left, to the blazing wildfire that was Sappnap shredding his guitar, the passion of a hundred suns condensed into his pick. *"Some things just, some things just make sense, and even after all this time,"* Then to his right, to the baroque painting that was Karl strumming his bass like it was the most natural thing in the world to him, an innate sense of magic emanating from every movement. *"I'm into you,"* These two beings he still struggled to fathom were *his*. *"Baby not a day goes by that I'm not into you,"* He loved them so much it *hurt* sometimes. But maybe that was just him struggling to hit the high note.

*"I should be over all the butterflies, but I'm into you, I'm into you,"* Their relationship was probably the most unlikely, most implausible series of events Quackity had ever wound up in. *"And baby, even on our worst nights, I'm into you, I'm into you,"* None of this would have happened if Quackity declined George's offer for coffee and decided to sulk in bed all day instead. *"Let them wonder how we got this far, 'cause I don't really need to wonder at all,"* Or if Sappnap decided to ditch band practice that one time. *"Yeah, after all this time, I'm still into you,"* Or if Karl decided he didn't need a breath of fresh air that badly that night.

*"I'm still into you,"* They were just three unlikely people, meeting by total happenstance. Falling in love by complete accident.

*"I'm still into you."* He wouldn't wish for it to be any different.

Quackity was panting by the time the applause washed over him; a gargantuan wave of sheer energy crashing onto the stage, casting a euphoric glimmer in everyone's eyes. As he glanced between his bandmates, all red faced and beaming, he knew he would relish this feeling for as long as he lived.

But the show had only just begun, and Quackity wrapped his hands around the microphone once again.

## Chapter End Notes

so. fellas. that's the end of the road, huh. the story's over. done. complete. gone for good. i don't have the braincells nor the word count to get all cheesy here so chapter 24 is basically just any credits and me being super sappy about this fic and y'all and such, so, feel free to stop here if you don't wanna see me be gay for a couple hundred more words lol

the entire time i was writing this chapter i was also listening to the Still Into You instrumental on loop. it's been. a couple hours. i'm gonna be hearing it in my sleep istg

also, happy new year everyone, we've come such a long way and i'm so proud of you for being here. i hope 2022 is gentle to you all



# Epilogue

## Chapter Notes

an entire chapter dedicated to an author's note, god, what is this, Wattpad?? anyway, feel free to skip this one fellas lmao

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

not sure why i called this an epilogue, but, i'm just popping in to ~~word vomit~~ thank you all for coming along for the ride! writing this fic was so, so much fun and i couldn't have done it without your support! not to get all sappy, but posting on this account helped me so much with just. everything. i started writing fanfiction again for the first time in *years* to cope with exams, it sounds stupid i know, but it was the best i could do without becoming an actual alcoholic lmao. minecraft is a long running special interest of mine, and i've been horridly attached to the dream smp since around this time last year, and karlnapity in particular is very dear to me as a queer, poly guy on the ace spectrum. like, it's all i could've dreamed of in terms of representation. seeing that people actually enjoyed my content, (ngl i expected to get like 50 hits on my first oneshot. like in total) spurred me on to keep writing, and in turn stuff like comments helped so much. no joke, i've taken some of the comments that lived in my brain rent free and printed them off just so i could stare at them whenever for instant serotonin. you guys are so fucking sweet and really encouraged me to keep going, keep writing, thriving, living. so thank you. wether you left a single kudos or a dozen comments, it really meant the world to me

btw i might write some extra fluffy bonus chapters and/or spinoffs for this fic so stay tuned!! i already have a few ideas heheh

anywho, i am one Dramatic Bastard so here's whatever the hell fanfiction equivalents of credits are!

these are [two tiktoks](#) that both very *very* much inspired this fic!! please go send the creators some love because without them these few thousand words would've never birthed themselves from my brain

these are [some fantastic pieces](#) of fanart inspired *by* this fic!! once again, these are some great artists that you should absolutely go support <3

now i would just make a playlist myself, but my public Spotify playlists are. A Situation to say the least so the songs used in this fic are, in order,

Bus Money by The Chats

Yer Killin Me by Remo Drive

Typical Story by Hobo Johnson

Garbage Truck by Sex Bob-Omb (Scott Pilgrim soundtrack lmao)

Tongues by The Frights

Smoke Breaks by Daddy and the Long Legs

I Wanna Boi by PWR BTM (rip)

Still Into You by Paramore (also the namesake)

and finally, i'm always looking for mutuals and friends and writing requests, so, my tiktok, twitter, and tumblr are all just troddenn\_snoww!

## Chapter End Notes

one last time, thank you, and i promise i'll be back with more long fics >:)

(i definitely want to get back to working on in sickness and in flames because it's really fun to write, and i've got plenty of oneshot drafts laying around, but i kinda want to work on something new too! honestly if y'all suggest literally any ideas for a fic i will probably latch onto them and eventually shit out a product so go wild. comments in general are my copium, please talk to me lmao)

i am now going to vore the crunchie and the wispa i've been saving just for this occasion because i quite frankly deserve to stuff my face with chocolate rn.

god. six months writing a minecraft fanfiction. how did i get here

((EDIT: THANK YOU ALL SO MUCH FOR 30K HITS WTF!!! THAT'S!! NOT A REAL NUMBER!! I LOVE YOU ALL SM! PLS CHECK OUT MY [SKATEPARK AU](#) IF THIS FIC ENDING LEFT A GAPING HOLE IN YOUR CHEST AS IT DID MINE!)))

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!